

DEFECTIVE GAS HOLDER.

The Light, Heat & Power Company Had to Rebuild it.

ANSWER AND CROSS PETITION.

Litigation in Which Reeves Brothers Sue the Massillon Company for \$6,438—The Defendants set up a Claim for Damages and for Necessary Repairs.

CANTON, Jan. 11.—Lawyers Willison & Day and Day, Lynch & Day, representing the Massillon Light, Heat & Power Company in the case of Reeves Bros. against that corporation, filed an answer and cross petition in court, Monday morning. In the original petition filed September 8, 1896, Reeves Bros. petitioned for judgment against the Massillon company in the sum of \$6,438, a balance due for constructing a gas tank. In answering the defendants admit to having contracted with Reeves Bros. for a gas holder and tank, and that construction of the same began May 23, 1894. The defendants deny, however, that on January 11, 1895, the plaintiffs had substantially completed their work, but aver that the holder and tank was poorly constructed of bad material and was wholly unfit for use intended, and not as provided in the contract and specifications.

The defendants further claim that the contractors failed to make necessary changes within a specified time, and the same was done by the light company at a cost of \$5,289.37, \$460 being deducted as the cost of heavier material than the contract called for, the actual cost of completing the contract being \$4,829.87. The defendant corporation claims to have been damaged by the delay caused by the plaintiffs in the sum of \$2,000, which they, with the expense of repairs, were justly entitled to recover. The defendants claim a balance of \$471.23 due them, for which they petition for judgment and other proper relief to which they are entitled in law or in equity.

RAFF DAMAGE CASE.

In the suit for alleged libel brought by John E. Palmer against Edwin S. Raff, a demurrer was filed complaining that the petitioner did not set forth against whom alleged libelous words had been uttered. When the court reviewed the question it was found that the original petition had been changed by some unknown party in lead pencil writing, without the consent of the court, by adding the words "concerning him," which addition, the court holds, makes sufficient grounds for an action for damages. Counsel for the defense could not understand how the addition was made, and declared he had received no notice of it. The court ruled that the demurrer would be overruled, and that under the statute, since the petition had been changed without leave, costs in the case must be paid within ten days or the suit will be dismissed.

MASSILLON'S PHYSICIANS.

The following is a complete list of Massillon physicians who have registered at the court house, as required by the new state law: Seth Hattery, Regis J. Humphrey, Robert B. Dimon, A. A. Hallock, S. P. Barnes, Thomas J. Reed, George M. Reed, T. Clarke Miller, James H. Sanderson, Neal Walter Culberson, Thomas F. Reed, W. H. Kirkland, Daniel S. Gardner, Jesse O. Gardner, Maurice Smith, George V. Ess, F. B. Williamson, H. B. Garrigues, A. Per Lee Pease, Neal Hardy and Irene Hardy.

SUIT TO RECOVER DAMAGES.

Oliver O. Yost began action in court today against R. Calvin Roush and A. Roush to recover payment of a promissory note in the sum of \$500. The note is secured by a mortgage on lot No. 6488 in Canton, which the plaintiff desires sold. H. W. Lockyer has a claim on said premises and is also named as a defendant.

PROBATE COURT NOTES.

A new bond filed by the guardian of George W. Hinkle, of Canton, has been approved. Second partial accounts have been filed by the guardian of Oliver Hill, of Plain township, and the guardian of Elizabeth Haubert and others, of Paris township. In the estate of Walter R. Walker, of Paris township, a motion has been filed to release surety from bond of administrator; hearing has been continued until January 22. First partial accounts have been filed by the guardian of Lucer, Edgar and Leo Bishop, of Lake township, and the guardian of Barbara Flory, of Osnaburg township. A final account has been filed in the estate of Mathias Clemens, of Navarre.

COURT HOUSE ODDS AND ENDS.

The board of directors of the Stark county infirmary today sued Charles F. Saylor as guardian of Elizabeth Saylor, to recover \$300 due on a promissory note.

During the month of December twenty-two wills were filed in the probate office. This more than doubles the monthly average for the past ten years. The average number of wills filed annually is about 120.

A marriage license has been granted to J. C. Shultz and Maggie Cogan, of Navarre.

Mar y Ths Girl Quick.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy made a \$1.25 the first hour he worked selling the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$10, the second week I cleared \$12.5 I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future, as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves oil, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 12 cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis Mo. and she will send you sample in it. This is a good way to make money around home.

Miss Tina W.

THE MILLER'S SONG.

Once she was dainty Dorothy, Dorothy of the mill,
Sweet as a thorny wild rose that dows of evening fill.
Now she folds tattered petals around a wound-ed heart,
And, her sister roses, they shrivel from her apart!

Do you remember, Dorothy, days that have flown away
With rose and lilac and hawthorn fled with a parted May?
You remember kisses snatched by the elder tree,
Tears that were made and broken—Dorothy, Dorothy?

Since you were sweet and twenty many a rose has died,
Many a rosebud broken her jealous sheaths aside,
And who was queen of roses is changed and pale of face,
No man now seeks Maid Marian; all men seek Dorothy.

Allan-a-Dale is singing tonight in Avalon,
And there's no horn could waken Scarlett or Little John.
Only the miller wanders the silent ways of shore,
And would that he were lying dead of year-thorns, my dear.

—Nora Hopper in Black and White.

NURSE MORRISON.

She was rather a little woman, with a sort of mass of yellow hair and a timid sort of way about her. She looked after her cases, however, with a great deal of nerve, and Trafford, my senior, agreed with me that she knew her work. It was a small hospital, as hospitals go nowadays, and Trafford and I, the only resident medical officers, could speculate on life and humanity and yet do our work, we thought, with credit. To us she was just Nurse Morrison. Still, when the staff nurse told us that wild horses wouldn't drag Nurse Morrison's history out of her, we, the staff, felt sympathetic and interested.

"She doesn't wear a wedding ring anyway," Trafford said one night. He had just been doing his round, and she was on night duty.

"That proves nothing, except in novels," I said sagely. "I never could make out what would bar a woman from getting, or getting rid of, a wedding ring any time it suited her."

"She's plucky," Trafford said, stretching on our sofa and staring up at the ceiling, "but I don't think much of her constitution, don't you know. She's rather neurotic, poor little soul."

"You're right," I told him. "I've noticed it myself. Sometimes, if one speaks to her suddenly, her eyes look quite fearful."

At this Trafford sat up, took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at me. "What the devil have you to do with her eyes?" he asked sharply. "Remember, once for all, I'm senior resident here."

"Who said you weren't?" I asked. "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I do. I'm responsible for things in my department, and I won't have any humbugging flirtations going on."

"Better talk to the matron and report me to the board," I said sulkily and took up the book that I had been reading when he came in. I didn't read, though, and Trafford still smoked and stared at the ceiling. Presently he spoke again in a way that showed he had made a fool of himself.

"Well," he said, "neurology's not in my line, and I'd like your candid opinion of her. As a psychologist, wouldn't you say that she's running a risk of overstrain? One can see that she takes things too seriously."

I wasn't inclined to give Trafford another chance of snubbing me, but when a fellow apologizes practically I think one ought to be decent. Besides, the nervous system is a thing I've worked a good deal at, and Trafford doesn't know anything about it, so I put down my book again and thought the thing over carefully.

"There's no doubt," I said at last, "but that she's inclined to be neurotic. This very fine, soft hair, of that particular shade, goes with what outsiders call a highly strung nature."

"Oh, you've noticed her hair, have you?" Trafford asked, and I said that of course any man who was interested in physiology and psychology would pay particular attention to the hair.

"These women are perfect brutes to one another," he went on. "She's too good to lose through a breakdown, and I'd like to ease her work a bit. As senior resident I'm responsible for a thing like that, but if I speak to Buz (Miss Buzzard is our matron) she may turn rusty."

"Speak to the chief tomorrow morning when he comes around; then he'll look at her."

"He does that already," Trafford said. "But she's so plucky, she brightens up when he's about."

I couldn't suggest anything more, except to keep an eye on her, and we agreed to make the poor little thing's work as light as possible.

"Has she friends near?" Trafford asked me when I said "Good night." And I was able to tell him that I thought she had, and that she always went to see them when off duty.

Well, when I thought over his interest and responsibility as senior resident I couldn't help laughing at Trafford, for I knew very well that Nurse Morrison wasn't interested in him, but all the same, after keeping an eye on her, as I had promised, I began to feel that he was quite right in saying that she needed to be looked after. She began to develop a set look about the mouth and a strained appearance of the eyes that I didn't like at all. She would jump if one spoke to her unexpectedly, and once, when going round at night in my slippers I brushed against her, she threw up her arm with a little cry as if expecting me to hit her.

I was much hurt at this and spoke to her, but only said vaguely that she was always expecting something to happen now, and of course I couldn't bother her. Presently, however, I found out about the place, and one could see quite well, by the way that the other nurses put their

heads together in the wards and scattered directly she went near them, that they discussed her pretty often.

She only made one friend among them all—big, bouncing, red cheeked Nurse Gore, whose laugh was a thunderclap and who was reported to take her holidays in August because of the grouse. It reminded me of the oak and the ivy and all that sort of thing to see them together.

One day Nurse Smiles, with whom I used to have little chats before Nurse Morrison came, gave me a hint.

One has to be friendly with the nurses if one wishes to be thoroughly well up in the progress of patients, but I had rather dropped Nurse Smiles because she was silly about Nurse Morrison.

That day I went out of the ward for an instrument, leaving Nurse Morrison there. When I came back, Nurse Smiles was there in her place.

"Where's nurse?" I said.

"Do you mean Mrs. Morrison?" she asks as cool as you please, and then: "Oh, what have I said? Please don't notice it!"

"I won't," I told her and went on with my business alone, but when I repeated it to Trafford that night he got quite excited and raved up and down the room.

"I knew it!" he told me. "They're all talking about it. The poor little thing is the slave to some blackguard. She slips out to see him whenever she can. Nurse Gore is the only one who knows all, but—" And with that he pushed a scrap of paper into my hand. "Read that," he said fiercely, and I read it.

"Can't. Have arranged to meet John. He has promised not to be so rough."

I stared alternately at the paper and at Trafford.

"It's here," he explained. "You know the poor little thing is on night duty just now, and Nurse Gore's on by day. So they don't meet much, and their plan is to leave notes for one another hidden on their dressing tables."

"How on earth?" I began, but Trafford held up a warning hand and stopped me.

"As senior resident!" he said, and I shut up.

"Nurse Smiles brought me this note," he went on, "and I didn't say what I thought of her, for I'm determined to help the poor soul, and Boz mustn't hear it. That woman Smiles thought it should be known." It was in answer to a note from Nurse Gore, saying tomorrow morning is her day off and suggesting a trip. You mark my words, that girl is fettered for life." With that he left me, to get the note smuggled back by the conscientious Nurse Smiles, and I wondered what would come next.

I had not to wait long.

The next day he came to me with another note from Nurse Gore's room.

"I have snapped the chain! John is furious. Oh, what can I do? I could kill myself. I nearly did."

We stared at one another in silence. Then Trafford spoke.

"She's in her room crying," he said.

"Nurse Gore dropped the note in her own room after reading it and went to her. I've promised to meet the chief outside for an operation. Do you think she's safe? She has broken loose somehow, you see, but still!"

"I'll see to that," I told him, and he went off.

Then I sent word that I wanted to see Nurse Morrison about one of the patients. Of course, as a psychologist, I knew that a woman of a neurotic temperament in such a frenzied condition might do anything.

She came after some delay. I asked her to sit down, and I saw at once not only that she had been crying, but also that she had a large bruise over her left temporal region.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing at it, and she burst into tears.

I hold that a man may be scientific and yet have a soft heart. I own that I was moved. I rose, and going round the table knelt by her side.

"After all," I whispered, "I—we all are sorry for you. You are among friends. Why don't you trust me? What does it matter so long as the chain is broken?"

"Matter!" She dried her eyes and stared at me indignantly. "Matter! My bab-bub-bicycle's spoiled, and I shan't be able to use it for a month! John, the t-t-teacher, says so!"

Some time later, when I ask the staff what she had meant by saying that wild horses wouldn't drag Nurse Morrison's past history from her, she grinned and said, "No more they would."

"Why not?" I persisted.

"Because I don't know it," she told me.

I hate these sharp women.—Westminster Budget.

An Obstacle.

"No," he said with the air of a man who feels it his disagreeable duty to deny a request, "it won't do to allow women to vote."

"Why not?" his wife inquired. "They are quite as competent to understand political questions as men are."

"I don't deny that, but there are other more practical considerations. Whenever there is an election, there are bound to be bets made. Now, when a man bets a hat, it never costs more than \$6 or \$8 if he loses. But if women got their sympathies aroused, there wouldn't be anything for them to do except to precipitate a panic by wagering bonnets that in the nature of things can't cost less than \$20 apiece."—Washington Star.

JUST A BOY.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life in New York.

He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about the boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother, and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, the boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was, "What on earth shall I do with it?" When the boy came to her one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from heaven, and when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterward, and the boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction can a boy have than that?

The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning—a shy, dreaming, self conscious little boy, dreamingly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long. At school for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Redhead," "Carrot Top" or "Nosy."

His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently he was never praised nor petted nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so.

But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passersby pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.

"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

A TRIBUTE TO ART.

The Maid of Milesta and the Beautiful Venus de Medici.

Somewhere in Washington—just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital—is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement. She is a most artistic woman, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary. There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows a deal more about housecleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact.

Not many days ago the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in especial order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the "Venus de Medici," in an alcove just off the hall.

"Here, Maggie!" she called. "Why don't you brush the dust off this figure?"

"Which way, mem?" inquired Maggie with great innocence.

"The 'Venus' there in the alcove, of course. See"—and the lady touched it with her finger—"you have left dust all over it."

"Yis, mem," confessed Maggie, "but I do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there abt to be something on it, mem."

It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.—Washington Star.

His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

See Through It.

"Package, sir," said the agent as Mr. Sharp came to the door. "There is \$2 express charges on it."

"Be kind enough to wait a moment," said Mr. Sharp as he disappeared indoors. Presently he returned. "Just allow me to throw this X ray on that package, please."

The telltale light revealed three bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, and, unopened, they were returned to the would be joker marked "Refused."

—Washington Times.

HOUSEWIFE'S POEM.

For the love of mercy make! Sally Ann has burned the cake. Folks are coming from the town. And the house is upside down. All the supper will be late (Tis too bad to make 'em wait). But what can a woman do, Cleanly house and bakin' too.

Oh, the trials of this land! Not a soul to lend a hand. And the parlor carpet, more, Hangs across the line, outdoor. Dust and dirt in great profusion, Scrubbing, rubbing, all confusion. Guess the company, when they come, Will just wish they'd staid to hum.

Fly around there, Sally Ann, 'Mongst the folks. Th' re comes a man, And you know as well as I use What a trottin' lot they be. Never know'd a day like this, Cleanly house is a tough job, But when a hunk comes in, too, Mixed with company—I tell you!

Pans and kettles, brooms and chairs Trip 'em over unawares. Cat and dog headach any feet, Boats make us temper sweet. Butter skaters, here and there, Books and knickknacks everywhere, As I fuss an' sigh and frown, Speatin' company from the town.

Hark! The jolting wheels I hear Of a wagon draw'n near. Money makes! Why, Sally Ann, Surely 'th' that dreadful man Comin' here all stark alone! No, it's father comin' home. Well, I never! They ain't cum. All this fuss for nuthin'. Hum!

—Florence Montgomery in Good Housekeeping

PITH OF THE NEWS.

James B. Hampton, the defaulting treasurer of Hampton county, New York, has been arrested and taken to Genesee.

It is officially denied that the Long Island Express company has sold out its interests to the American Express company.

Mrs. Mary Lally died in Oswego, N. Y., aged 101 years. She was born in Ireland and had lived in Oswego for 60 years.

A convention of Choctaws at Tusahoma has elected Judges Dukes, Jacob Jackson and Lewis Battist to represent the convention at Washington.

John A. Howard, whose detachment of the Chicago Board of Trade battery captured Jefferson Davis in Erwin county, Ga., at the close of the war, is dead.

Benton Jenkins, an old school Baptist minister, died in Middletown, N. Y. He was assistant editor of Signs of the Times, an old school Baptist paper.

The announcement in the Hawaiian papers that the Australian murderer, Frank Butler, had been recently seen on the streets of Honolulu, is considered erroneous by the British vice consul at San Francisco.

Mortimer Hendricks filed with the state railroad commission a petition praying that an investigation be made of the accounts of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad company of New York city.

The jury in the case of General Traffic Manager J. R. Hauley of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway, charged with violation of the interstate commerce law, have returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Texas has been ordered to Galveston, Tex., about Jan. 16 to receive a silver service from the citizens of that state.

THE PRICE IS LOW

And the Results Satisfactory. It Only Costs 25c.

Sister, you wouldn't hesitate a second to pay 25c for just one dose of a medicine that would give you instant relief when suffering intense pain, would you? Now, Lightning Hot Drops will most positively cure all forms of stomach and bowel trouble, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, flux, cramp, colic, wind on the stomach, indigestion, infantile colic, etc., and only costs 25c a bottle, over 30 doses. Lightning Hot Drops cures permanently and quickly and leaves no bad effects. You will be surprised to find out how quick relief comes after its use. Lightning Hot Drops will relieve any kind of a pain, external or internal. It is convenient to have on hand all the time, for you can't tell how soon an accident will happen. One bottle of Lightning Hot Drops is better in the house than a cupboard full of paregoric, Bateman's drops, plaster, Jamaica ginger, camphor pills and liniments. It does the work of them all combined and only costs 25c a bottle. Wonderful, wonderful are the virtues of this great, universal remedy. You take no chances in buying it either, for if you feel no benefit after using it as directed your druggist will give you your money back. It is cheaper to buy the 50c bottle as it costs less 2 1/2 times as much as the 25c size. If you don't need it today get a bottle anyway and have it on hand in case something happens. Not one false statement has been made nor an exaggerated account given of the great effects of Lightning Hot Drops, and when you have once used it you will be of the same opinion. Lightning Hot Drops are made by the Herb Medicine Co., Springfield, O., and no honest druggist will try to sell you something else. Notice the imprint, Herb Med. Co., Springfield, O., on each bottle, and don't be persuaded to take something else, for it is not as good as Lightning Hot Drops.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

ask for Carter's,

I insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

ask for Carter's,

I insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

A Local Occurrence That Will Interest Many Readers.

When a fog horn warns the mariner to steer off the coast, he still hugs the shore and wrecks upon it, whose fault is it?

If the red switch light is up and the engine driver deliberately pulls ahead and pitches into another train, blame the driver. If a careless workman will in spite of warning, try to find out how many teeth a buzz saw has and the saw tries to find out how many fingers the workman has, blame the workman, not the saw. If a sick man knows that a certain medicine is doing him good and he carelessly neglects to use it, blame the man—not the medicine. If Massillon people who have kidney complaint and backache will not take Doan's Kidney Pills when they are endorsed by scores of citizens, blame the people—not the endorsers. Read this endorsement:—Mr. Gregory Davis of 277 West Main street is employed at the Rolling Mills as a puddler. He has been among us for over a quarter of a century and has a large circle of acquaintances. "About eight years ago" he says:—"In the coal mines while trying to lift a coal car I wrenched my back. It grew so painful that I had to give up work and go home, and since then my back has been weak and I have been subject to attacks of kidney complaint. For the last two years I have been doctoring, or throwing my money away, trying to get cured, as I not only ached during the day while at work, but at night as well. So severe did it pain me that I could not sleep no matter how tired out I was, and many a night I was compelled to get up and sit in a chair. Often when starting a heat at the mills I would have to work on my knees so I would not have to stoop over, and thus save my back, and an annoying and distressing urinary weakness set in. I got two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills at Baltzly's drug store and used them. I can now work without being in misery, and when I lie down at night I enjoy refreshing slumber. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy I have ever used, and that is saying a great deal. I would advise anyone troubled with kidney disease not to hesitate in giving them a trial.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

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Cars Every Forty Minutes Each way from 8:15 a. m. until 8:30 p. m.

Fare between Akron and Cleveland, ONE WAY, 60c., - ROUND TRIP, \$1.00. Cars run through to Public Squares in Cleveland and Akron, giving transfers to depots and all points in Cleveland on Cleveland Electric Ry., and in Akron on Akron Street Ry.

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Excursions

TO POINTS SOUTH

On the first and third Tuesday of each month at about half rates, and one-way tickets at one and a half cents per mile.

For information, County Map Folders, etc. address, JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

I love that dainty monogram,
With three little letters interlaced,
Above the notes she used to write,
Singing them over, "Yours in haste."

The world was young, and so was I,
How sweet to think that in the whirl
She kept one moment all for me,
To glad my heart—my radiant girl

The world is old, and so am I,
And since my love became my wife
It seems to me I've somehow been
Too late for everything in life.

With ribbons flying, gowns awry,
With panting breath and boots unlaced,
True to her words of yore, she's been
But now and ever—mine "in haste."

—London Tit-Bits.

QUIVER AVENGED.

The winter's trade was over, and nearly all the Indians had left the vicinity of our little trading post on the Missouri to pass the summer back on the prairie and along the foothills of the mountains. We had shipped all our furs and robes on the last down steamer, and now there was absolutely nothing for us to do but kill time as best we could until another season's trade should begin. Situated as we were some 300 miles from the nearest town, our post was not a very lively place in summer, and our only neighbor was a saloon man who had built a place 50 yards above us. But with him we had little to do. He was a surly, unkempt fellow, and there were generally hanging about his place a set of men who came and went mysteriously, whom we more than suspected were members of a gang of horse thieves and road agents that used to ply their trade along the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers.

My partner had gone east with our shipment of furs to dispose of them and order a fresh stock of goods, and I was alone except for the company of a good father, a broad and liberal minded priest, whom I had persuaded to stay with me until my partner should return. The bishop of the Saskatchewan had sent him south the preceding year to minister to a part of his flock, the plains Crees, who were in our vicinity.

One drowsy afternoon in June the father and I sat out in the shade of the overhanging roof smoking and fanning ourselves, for it was a hot day. In the saloon just above us a poker game was going on, revealed to outsiders by the subdued hum of voices and the ceaseless rattle of chips. As I said, most of the Indians had gone out on the summer's hunt, but two or three families were still with us, and presently a young man named Quiver came along with his wife and sat down by the father in the grateful shade. During many years passed with the Indians on the plains, I think this was the handsomest couple I ever saw. The woman, much lighter colored than many Spanish women, had a singularly graceful figure, and her features were well high faultless. Her eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant, full of expression, and were shaded by long, sweeping lashes. Her hair, neatly braided, hung in two massive strands almost to the ground. Quiver would have served an artist for a model of Apollo. What I liked best about him was the broad, high brow and square cut chin, which even in a savage denotes a keen intelligence united with force of character.

This couple, Quiver and his wife, Pai-o-tah, had been married a little more than a year. They were as yet as deeply in love with each other as ever. On the hunt or in the camp, working or resting, they were inseparable. Quiver thought there was nothing good enough for his beautiful wife. All the robes he secured, all the beaver and otter he caught, were traded for fine blankets, soft and bright colored dresses, and for jewelry with which to adorn Pai-o-tah. He wanted nothing for himself except a little tobacco and a few cartridges for his rifle. The couple sat with us half an hour or more talking with the father about affairs in their own far northern home.

Riel, he who later created the Canadian rebellion, had lately been among the Indians urging them to return home and wrest their ancestral lands from the redcoated usurpers, and Quiver was anxious to get the father's opinion of the matter. The good man plainly told him that it was a visionary scheme and could not possibly succeed. He explained that the Indians not only would have to fight the Canadians, but that if necessary ships would bring thousands of soldiers from across the salt water, ten white men for every Indian and half breed in the northwest. All this talk of war had little interest for Pai-o-tah, and finally she slipped her hand in Quiver's and coaxed him to go home.

"Happy, innocent children," said the father, as we watched them go up the trail hand in hand. "Not a care or a sorrow to mar their daily lives!"

As they were passing the saloon a big ruffian stepped out of the doorway, aimed his revolver at them and, calling out to some one within, "Bill, see me drop that d—d Injun," fired. With a cry of pain Quiver fell to the ground, Pai-o-tah dropped her robe and knelt over him, and with a coarse laugh the man who fired the shot turned and went back into the saloon.

The father and I hastened over to the prostrate Indian. He was still conscious, but his face had assumed a yellowish hue, and he said faintly: "I am shot in the back. Have pity and carry me to my lodge." By this time one or two Indians had come over from the camp near by, and together we gently lifted the wounded man, and, carrying him home carefully, laid him on his couch. Sure enough, the bullet had entered his back on the left side and torn its way through the kidneys. There was no hope for him.

Leaving the father to attend the poor fellow and give him and the heart-broken Pai-o-tah such consolation as was in his power, I went back to the post and wrote a note to the commanding officer of a troop of United States cavalry camped some six miles above us, telling him of the cold blooded murder which had been committed and asking him to arrest the murderer. Hastily,

soaling the message, I slipped quickly around to the Indian camp and gave it to a young man who happened to have his horse staked near by, charging him to go with all haste and deliver the note to the captain. When I returned to the lodge I found Quiver was sinking rapidly. He was suffering intensely, but never complained, and slowly and distinctly instructed his people as to the disposition of his property. Then the good father began to administer the last sacraments, and I sadly left the lodge and went home. In a little while the father joined me.

"He is dead?" I asked.
"Yes."
"And Pai-o-tah?"
"She fainted; the old women are caring for her."

Supper was called, but neither of us cared to eat. We sat in silence a long time, and finally the father said:
"Never, during my long life in this wild and wicked land, have I ever seen or heard of such a dastardly act as that fiend committed this afternoon. Can a man be human, is he born of woman, who will deliberately shoot down a fellow creature in cold blood? And what is to be done? Is there no justice in the land? Can he not be punished for his crime?"

"Wait, father," I replied. "I have sent a note up to the soldier camp informing the captain of the affair. No doubt he will send some men down to arrest the fellow."

Some time after dark my messenger returned and handed me an envelope, the same one in which I had inclosed my note. On the back of it, written in pencil, were the following words:

Outside my jurisdiction. Send to Fort Benton for the sheriff. CAPTAIN

Send 300 miles for the sheriff! And in the meantime the murderer would be far away, perhaps over on the Yellowstone or in Dakota on another horse stealing raid. That night the father and I went to bed with heavy hearts.

Early the next morning we made preparations for burying Quiver. Out of such material as was at hand I made a rude coffin and lined it with soft new blankets. The father made a cover for it of black cloth and, true to his faith, sewed in the center a large white cross. Then down at the lower end of the bottom, beneath the cottonwoods, we dug the grave, and before noon we laid the poor fellow in it. In the afternoon the father and I again sat out in the shade of the house, trying to get a breath of fresh air. The June sun shines fearfully hot in those Missouri river bottoms. But this afternoon there was no smoking or chatting. Each of us was occupied with his own thoughts, and they were sad and oppressive.

There had been high old times in the saloon during the night, a perfect frenzy of drink and carousal, which had lasted far into the morning, and now the ruffians were sleeping off the effects of it. Presently we saw the murderer come out, bareheaded, barefooted and stripped to the waist. He glanced impudently at us, and, going on to the river, not many yards away, stooped down and began to bathe his head. As I watched him the father suddenly pressed my arm, and, looking up, I saw Pai-o-tah, rifle in hand, slipping up toward the bath.

"It must not be!" murmured the father. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay," and he started to rise.

I grasped his arm and forced him back into his chair.

"You shall not interfere, father," I said in a low voice. "There is something in the same book about 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' and I held him with a firm grip.

"Don't cry out," I continued, "for the fellow has a pistol in his belt and might kill the woman."
And now Pai-o-tah was but a few yards from the sloping bank of the river. Raising the gun to her shoulder, we heard her call out in a loud, clear voice, "Nap-i-kwan" (white man). As the man kept on bathing, she said again, much more loudly, "Nap-i-kwan!" This time he heard, and, looking over his shoulder, saw her standing there with the rifle pointed at him. Quick as a flash he sprang to his feet, whirled around and pulled his revolver; but, quicker still, Pai-o-tah pulled the trigger, and at the report the desperado threw up his arms, reeled and fell over backward into the river. There was a heavy splash, and then the deep and treacherous current claimed its own. Once, twice, we saw a hand rise above the surface of the water and then slowly disappear and pass out of sight forever. Poor Quiver was avenged.—New York Sun.

Riches Through Economy.

Mme. Boucicaut was first a laundress and the daughter-in-law of a laundress who married a hatter at Montagne, in Normandy. She was engaged in the laundering department at the Petit St. Thomas mart and found her opportunity in lot sales of damaged silks and odds and ends of machine made lace. She used at night to make up what she bought at these sales into cravats, jackets and children's frocks, according to patterns she studied at the Petit St. Thomas. On her way in the morning to her work she sold them in a market. She did so well that she had soon to get help, and then took a poky shop in the Rue du Bac, where the west entrance to the Bon Marche now stands. The rule was cheapness. Nobody was ever taken in. In the tentative struggle she and her husband learned business without heavy risk. She could not be called an old woman when she died. After giving away nearly £3,000,000 in acts of justice, friendship and benevolence, she left a fortune valued at over £7,000,000.

Devotion.

That was a remarkable instance of devotion to which an Italian journal referred some time ago, wherein a husband, on hearing that his wife looked her best in mourning, committed suicide that she might have an opportunity to wear it.—London Queen.

FIRST MAN TO TAKE ETHER.

It Was Administered to Him by Dr. Morton in 1846.

Some interesting facts regarding the first patient under ether are told by Dr. Samuel A. Green in his Groton Historical Series.

The subject was Ebenezer Hopkins Frost, a native of Groton, now dead, who is well remembered by many persons in Boston. He was a son of Solomon and Dorcas (Hopkins) Frost and was born on Dec. 7, 1824. He became noted as a singer and teacher of vocal music, and was a member of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Dr. Morton first tried on himself the experiment of inhaling ether, and in describing the effect it produced he said:

"Delighted with the success of this experiment, I immediately announced the result to the persons employed in my establishment, and waited impatiently for some one upon whom I could make a fuller trial. Toward evening a man residing in Boston came in suffering great pain and wishing to have a tooth extracted. He was afraid of the operation, and asked if he could be mesmerized. I told him I had something better, and saturating my handkerchief gave it to him to inhale. It was dark and Dr. Hayden held the lamp while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspid tooth. "There was not much alteration in the pulse and no relaxation of the muscles. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had been done to him. He remained for some time talking about the experiment. This was on the 30th of September, 1846. I considered it to be the first demonstration of this new fact in science. I have heard of no one who can prove an earlier demonstration. If any one can do so, I yield to him the point of priority of time."

Immediately after the operation Frost gave a certificate corroborating the statements and signed himself as then living at 42 Prince street, Boston. Nearly 20 years afterward he died at Fitchburg, on Sept. 7, 1865.

THEY BOTH GOT MAD.

A Mountaineer Visits a Postoffice and His Experience There.

He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit relatives. It was his first visit away from his home. The second day after he arrived he went to the postoffice to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air thar any mail fer me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

"What's your name?" was the inquiry.

"Louder."

"I say, what's your name?" asked the postmaster in a little more positive manner.

"Louder."

"I say, what's your name?" yelled the postmaster, sticking his head through the window into the face of the young man.

"Why, dad drat your ugly time, I've told yer three times my name was Louder," yelled the mountaineer, "T. J. Louder, and if yer didn't belong to yer government I'd crawl over thar and pick your ears. Soon as a man gets or government job round here he begins to put on airs, and I'm not one to put up with it."

The postmaster fished out a letter from a dusty hole and gave it to him, although he was mad himself.—Washington Star.

St. Patrick and the Snakes.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one, probably, seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astonished by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken boulder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.—St. Louis Republic.

A Conscientious Grace.

In "The Hutchinson Family" Mr. John W. Hutchinson tells this story of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, years ago minister at Milford, N. H.: "On one occasion he was asked to officiate at a Masonic celebration where a prayer was considered germane to the proceedings. All his denomination were opposed to the mystic order, and at first he hesitated, but finally complied, and at the appointed time and place made his appearance and offered the following prayer: 'O Lord, we pray for we know not what. If it is good, bless it; if it is bad, curse it. World without end. Amen!'"

A Leper Hospital.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretensions, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, they themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travelers.

Full Details Gladly Given.

A Railroad Official's Experience.



MR. EDWARD EDMONDS, long connected with railroad construction in Nebraska, writes: "My heart troubled and pained me for 19 years. Shortness of breath was the constant and most common symptom. Intense, excruciating pain, generally followed any severe exertion. Faintness, hunger without any appetite; fluttering that made me clutch my breast, and palpitation that often staggered me as if I would fall, were frequent attacks. Again, everything would turn black if I arose from a stooping posture quickly. Sleepless nights with their prostrating unrest were numerous and I could get no rest day or night. I consulted leading physicians and tried advertised remedies. They gave me no relief. One of Dr. Miles' circulars described my case so exactly that I took Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and I am now a well man. I hope every one troubled with heart disease will try Dr. Miles' remedies. If they will write me personally, I will gladly give them full details of my experience." EDW. EDMONDS. P. O. Box 63, David City, Nebraska. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on guarantee that first bottle, benefits or money refunded.



THE BEST WASH BLUE IN USE.

THE AMERICAN BALL BLUE

is not poisonous or injurious to health or fabrics. It is the delight of the laundress, aids in bleaching and gives the washing a rich and elegant hue. Beware of imitations. Ask your grocer for the

AMERICAN BALL BLUE

and be sure you get the genuine article, which has a red stripe in the middle of the package.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by Z. T. Baltzly, druggist.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand. PENNYROYAL PILLS. Original and Only Genuine. Cures, always, biliousness, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, migraines, and all ailments arising from a disordered liver and stomach. Take no other. Before dangerous substitution. Beware of cheap imitations. At Druggists, or send for a sample to Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, N. Y.

Sold by all Local Druggists.

TRAVELER'S REGISTER

Trains Arrive and Depart on Central Standard Time

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R. Taking effect May 10, 1896.

Going East.	No. 1 ^a	No. 3 ^a No. 5 ^a	No. 7
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Toledo.....Lv	8 00	1 50	7 45
Oak Harbor.....	9 03	2 51	8 48
Fremont.....	9 26	3 16	9 07
Clyde.....	9 42	3 39	9 25
Bellevue.....	9 57	3 49	9 40
Monroeville.....	10 12	4 13	10 00
Norwalk.....	10 28	4 16	10 16
Wellington.....	11 07	5 08	11 02
Wesport.....	11 20	5 17	11 14
Lodi.....	11 37	5 30	11 31
Creston.....	11 53	5 48	11 47
Orville.....	12 24 p	6 17	12 17 a
Massillon.....	1 24 p	6 50	12 50
Navarre.....	1 37		6 25
Valley Jct.....	2 05		7 12
Canal Dover.....	2 40		7 45
Shenando.....	2 52		7 58
Sherodsville.....	2 58		8 05
Bowerston.....	3 02		8 10
Selo.....	2 59		8 15
Jewett.....	3 14		8 18
Dillonvale.....	4 18		9 12
Warrenton.....	4 43		9 80
Brilliant.....	4 42		9 62
Stinking Jct.....	5 00		9 10
Stuebenville.....	5 10		10 10
Marion's Ferry.....	4 58		9 58
Wheeling.....	5 10		10 10
Going West.	No. 8 ^a	No. 6 ^a No. 2 ^a	No. 4 ^a
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Wheeling.....	9 00	8 55	
Martin's Ferry.....	9 12	07	
Stenbovine.....	8 55	06	
Millia Jct.....	9 05	08	
Grinnart.....	9 18	4	
Warrenton.....	9 40	4	
Dillonvale.....	9 57	4 5	
Jewett.....	10 02	5 50	
Selo.....	10 14	15	
Beaverston.....	11 10		
Shenando.....	11 27	6 29	
N. Cumberland.....	11 59		
Valley Jct.....	11 50		
Navarre.....	12 28 p	7 24	A. M.
Massillon.....	1 10	7 44	A. M.
Orville.....	1 45	8 19	10 15
Creston.....	2 16	8 47	10 47
Lodi.....	2 32	9 03	11 08
Spencerville.....	2 49	9 19	11 28
Wellington.....	3 04		
Norwalk.....	3 54	7 19	12 15 p
Monroeville.....	4 05		
Bellevue.....	4 31	7 30	12 38
Clyde.....	4 57	8 01	106
Fremont.....	5 15	8 18	1 24
Oak Harbor.....	4 59	8 42	1 49
Toledo.....Ar	6 30	9 46	2 50

Huron Division.			
From Norwalk	No. 10	From Huron.....	No. 9
	A. M.		P. M.
Norwalk.....Lv	5 35	Huron.....Lv	5 30
Millan.....	5 00	Millan.....	6 00

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Div. **Pennsylvania Lines.**

Schedule of Passenger Trains—Central Time											
	9	3	15	11	11						
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.						
Westward.											
Pittsburgh lv.	7 00	1 40	6 30	15 00	5 00						
Beaver Falls.....	8 05	2 45	7 30	16 05	5 49						
Columbiana.....				7 28							
Lewistown.....	9 12	3 52		7 58							
Salem.....	9 25	4 06	8 4	8 20							
Allegheny.....Ar	9 50	4 35	8 55	7 50	6 55						
Maximo.....lv	9 55	4 40	8 55	8 20	6 55						
Louisville.....		4 58		8 38							
Canton.....	10 26	5 20	9 27	9 05							
Massillon.....	10 38	5 40	9 40	9 22							
Lawrence.....		5 52		9 37							
Hartown City.....		6 08		9 53							
Orville.....	11 01	6 08	10 06	9 55							
Smithville.....		6 20		10 10							
Wooster.....	11 15	6 31	10 26	10 22							
Shreve.....		6 43		10 35							
Big Prairie.....		6 59		10 54							
Lakewood.....		7 03		10 57							
Loudonville.....		7 18		11 10							
Perryville.....		7 28		11 20							
Lucas.....		7 34		11 25	39						
Mansfield.....	12 25	7 53	11 30	11 50	A. M.						
Crestline.....Ar	12 50	8 11	11 59	12 25	6 20						
Bucyrus.....lv	1 18	P. M.	12 25	2 03	10 55						
St. Clairsville.....			1 18	2 36							
Valley View.....			1 34	2 44							
Ft. WayneAr	4 25		3 35	5 30	11 20						
Warsaw.....lv	5 31		4 46	6 31	12 20						
Plymouth.....	6 08		5 19	7 33	1 10						
Parisada.....	6 08		6 30	8 34	3 4						
ChicagoAr	6 08		6 30	8 55	3 4						
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.							
Eastward.											
Chicago lv.	7 30	1 00	11 30	2 45							
Valparaiso.....	9 15	4 32	1 35	4 01							
Plymouth.....	11 38	5 09	2 00	4 19							
Warsaw.....	11 38	5 28	2 05	4 39							
Ft. WayneAr	12 50	7 35	3 53	6 52							
Val View.....lv	2 18	8 43	6 46		32						
Bucyrus.....	3 15	9 30	7 45	9 30							
St. Clairsville.....	4 11	10 19	8 40	10 35							
Crestline	5 10	11 55	10 35	15 20	5 20						
Mansfield.....	6 40	12 20	11 00	15 55	5 45						
Lucas.....	6 54		11 28	15 58							
Parisada.....	7 08		11 41	16 12							
Loudonville.....	7 18		11 51	16 27							
Lakewood.....	7 30		12 03	16 39							
Big Prairie.....	7 33		12 12	16 51							
Wooster.....	8 41		12 20	16 59							
Smithville.....	8 45	1 30	12 34	17 03							
Orville.....	8 15		12 55	1 11							
Barton City.....	8 30	1 51	12 58	1 25							
Lawrence.....	8 37		1 30	7 23							
Massillon.....	9 03	2 18	1 33	1 46	7 5						
Canton.....	9 20	2 34	1 21	2 05	8 12						
Louisville.....	9 35		2 20	2 18							
Maximo.....	10 45		2 52	2 56							
AlleghenyAr	10 30	3 16	2 55	3 04	10						
Salem.....lv	10 30	3 34	2 31	3 40	10 53						
Lewistown.....	10 45		2 47	3 50	10 25						
Columbiana.....	10 50		2 50	4 04							
Beaver Falls.....	11 58	4 45	4 08	4 45	10 40						
PittsburghAr	1 15	5 50	5 00	5 45	11 51						
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.							
*Daily. †Except Sunday. ‡Meal											

Fullman Sleeping Cars are run on Mon., Tues., & Wed., and 10; Pullman Vestibule Dining and Sleeping Cars on Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun. Pullman Buffet Cars are run on Mon., Tues., & Wed., and 10; Pullman Dining Cars on Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun. Pullman Dining Cars are run on Thurs., Fri., Sat., and

The fire chief reports a considerable increase in the fire losses during 1896. The department itself has proved its efficiency. Its defects lie under the head of equipment. We are very slowly adding to our outfit and may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the department is well started and is in safe hands.

IS BELIEVING VOLUNTARY?

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:
With me believing is not a voluntary act. When a statement is presented to me that seems unreasonable, and my reason has dictated to me that it is absurd, I realize that it is then no longer a matter of choice, to believe or disbelieve, and I doubt if anyone has the ability to believe a thing that seems unreasonable to them, not even if they are threatened with the eternal torments of the burning lake; and if they do exercise their will power and bring it to bear with all the force possible, and even say, "I will believe"—can they of a truth say, "I do believe." Being satisfied in my own mind that believing is not voluntary, another question may well be raised, will a person be held responsible for disbelieving? The Rev. F. H. Wall, Catholic, of New York, on the subject says, "No church, no law, not even God, can coerce my intellect or make me believe things which my reason tells me are absurd. There is no such thing in this world as liberty of thought. Once my reason tells me a thing is true, I am no longer free to believe the contrary." S. C.

IMPORTANT TO HORSE OWNERS

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:
Azoturia—a disease peculiar to the horse. The cause is want of exercise and too liberal allowance of grain feed. It is most common during the winter months. It never attacks horses that are regularly worked or exercised, the victims being only those that have stood in the barn after regular work from one to a few days and are well fed. Symptoms: When the animal is brought out for work or exercise after going a short distance, or it may be in some cases that the animal may be driven several miles before it shows any symptoms, but usually it is only a short distance before the animal seems to hang back and show stiffness in its hind parts, there is weakness in one or both hind legs, it will now break out in a profuse sweat and seem to be in great pain, there is muscular nervous spasm of the hips and loins, the muscles swell and become hard as a board. The important part of this short article is for you to stop the horse right here and make no attempt to go further than the nearest stable, for a few hours at least. If this is done with proper care and treatment the disease will not usually progress any further. But if the animal is driven on it will likely stagger and fall paralyzed in its hind parts. It has often been the wish of the writer that horse owners could know the importance of stopping the horse at once when symptoms and conditions here in described are observed.

Geo. H. Gove.

THE CLEVELAND DEMOCRATS.

Eli Perkins—you all remember Eli Perkins, has been asked to define a Cleveland Democrat. Mr. Perkins says that he is a Mahatma up to date, a Belshazzar sooth sayer and some other things. "A Cleveland Democrat," says Perkins, "is a *chigonius goncurus* who can borrow \$200,000,000, give the nation's notes for it, put it in the treasury, and, after spending all of it to run the government, call the residue a surplus, I love such men. They are valuable specimens."
"I love a man who has run this nation in debt \$301,000,000 since 1892, and can then stand up without a wink and say the revenue is sufficient."
"I admire a *chigonius goncurus*, who, when banks are breaking, deficit increasing, mills struggling, and workmen idling, has the nerve to say to McKinley, three months before he is inaugurated 'Why don't your prosperity come?'"
"We Cleveland Democrats don't believe that when we took this prosperous government in 1892 we had the same money that had given us prosperity for thirty years, and left a surplus of \$106,000,000 in gold in the treasury after paying \$2,000,000,000 of the national debt."
"We Cleveland Democrats don't believe that lowering the tariff, which stopped our mills, lowered wages, and brought prosperity to England at our expense, had anything to do with hard times. We believe that buying \$24,000,000 worth of bullion a year and coining it into 48,000,000 silver dollars did it, and who the Senate stopped that coinage we believe the poor, old, harmless greenback impoverished the people and bankrupted the treasury."
"A Cleveland Democrat," continued Eli, "is a noble patriot who turns a tariff for revenue into a tariff for deficit, sends gold to Europe for goods while our workmen are starving at home, and

then stands up in the national wreck and screams:
"Down with these awful trusts!"
"Our money is all wrong!"
"Stop that foreign emigration!"
"Why don't McKinley's prosperity come?"

THE UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL.

The last monthly trade report, issued to commercial organizations by the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and furnished to the Massillon board of trade, dwells upon the commercial importance of the valley of the Amazon in the district of Brazil.
The Brazilian possessions on the Amazon are comprised of two states, Para and Amazonas, which cover 890,000 square miles and have a population of over 1,000,000. The principal article of commerce for this territory is at present India rubber, which is exported in immense quantities. During 1895 the total crop of India rubber in the whole world was: From the Amazon district in Brazil, 19,500 tons; Africa, 5,335; Rangoon, 572, and Pegang, 251 tons. The commercial importance of the Amazon valley has been increased greatly by the establishment of regular steamer communication up the river from Para to Iquitos, Peru, a distance of 2,000 miles, and by laying 1,365 miles of cable between Para and Manaus, the capital of the state of Amazonas. The total exports from the different states of Brazil in 1894 amounted to \$120,209,268.
Of this Para of the Amazon valley furnished \$8,333,695, and Amazonas \$8,967,165. The Amazon district has not been given due consideration abroad, and its vastly increasing importance in the commercial world, therefore, not relatively noted. The value of exports from the two states, Para and Amazonas respectively, exceeds that of any of the states of the northern coast regions of Brazil, and is only exceeded by the states Minas Geraes and Rio de Janeiro, on the east coast, and San Paulo and Rio Grande de Sul in South Brazil.
The actual number of inhabitants of the state of Para is 700,000; the capital, Belem, has a population of 100,000, with 2,350 industrial and commercial establishments. Scattered in the interior are perhaps 6,000 commercial concerns. The exports from the port of Belem in 1894 amounted to \$15,926,985. The principal manufactures of Para are soap and candles, biscuits, ropes, paper, brick and tile. The natural products are rice, cocoa, coffee, mandioca, aromatic and edible beans, Brazil nuts, maize, tobacco, honey, woods, sarsaparilla and vegetable ivory; while from the vegetation are extracted India rubber, oils and pitch. Cattle are raised in considerable quantities. The total value of products of this state may be estimated at more than \$16,000,000. India rubber represents two-thirds of the total value of exported products of the state. During 1895 the quantity of Para rubber exported was 18,060,647 pounds, valued at over \$7,200,000. The entire rubber district of Brazil proper in 1895 exported 45,693,078 pounds, of which 20,939,976 pounds were shipped to Europe and 24,753,102 pounds to the United States. Strenuous efforts are being made to direct immigration to Para. The state is in great need of labor. The temperature nowhere exceeds 90 degrees. There are only 40 miles of railroad in Para and about 100 in course of construction. A railroad to Pinheiro, about nine miles south of Belem, is in contemplation, and the government is trying to induce its construction by a guarantee of 6 per cent. for 20 years on the cost of construction.
The state of Amazonas is situated west of Para and takes in a great part of the Amazon valley as far west as the Andes mountains. The temperature ranges from 80 to 91 degrees, and the population is about 300,000. Manaus, the capital, has about 20,000 inhabitants. There are no railroads in this state, but means of communication are provided by the numerous important rivers. The total value of exports from this state in 1894 was \$8,644,268, four-fifths of this representing rubber exports. During 1894 the rivers of Amazonas were navigated by 321 steamers sailing under the Brazilian flag. The total exports to Brazil proper from the United States in 1894 amounted to \$13,338,000. From Europe: United Kingdom, \$36,576,292; Germany, \$22,118,340; Belgium, \$2,289,200; France, \$16,023,400; Switzerland, \$1,141,200; Portugal, \$3,900,000; Spain, \$583,600; Italy, \$1,620,000; Austria, \$733,100; total value, \$93,083,130.
Considering the commercial trade between the United States and Brazil it is strange that an American steamship line has never been established between the two American continents. The majority of the steamers which navigate the rivers of Brazil are owned by British capital, while the trade with the United States and Liverpool is carried on by twenty six British steamers. There is a splendid opening for other lines and several are now under consideration. Freight shipped from the United States to South America is carried by British vessels and consigned via Liverpool, therefore, an exorbitant rate is charged.

DOUBTLESS TRUE.

If Canton is patient she may find that her hospital facilities will come so near being adequate after McKinley moves away that she will not need to press her claim for more room in the public building.—Pittsburg Times.

BROUGHT HOME DEAD.

Nicholas Bernard Attacked by Heart Failure.

UNCONSCIOUS ON THE STREET.

A Sad Blow to the Family—Mr. Bernard's Long and Active Career—For Thirty Years with One Firm—The Funeral Tuesday Morning.
Nicholas Bernard was returning home from the bridge works shortly after 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, and was directly in front of the residence of Michael Hackett, in Young street, when he was seized with heart failure and fell to the sidewalk unconscious. Some boys who were playing nearby ran to the bridge works and summoned Felix Kramer, Charles Essinger and others, who conveyed the insensible man to his home in Richville avenue. He was still breathing when they arrived, but death occurred before his residence was reached. He never regained consciousness.
For more than a week, or since the Massillon Bridge Company's works had shut down, Mr. Bernard had not been employed, and on Saturday afternoon he had walked over to the company's office to learn, if possible, when operations would be resumed.
Mr. Bernard was born in Canton in 1834, and when his parents moved to Massillon some years later, he entered the employ of Russell & Co., as an apprentice to the machinist trade. By his faithfulness and untiring efforts in the interests of his employers, together with his remarkable mechanical ability, Mr. Bernard worked his way steadily upward until he became foreman of the farm engine department and machine shop, which position he held for more than thirty years. About twelve years ago he severed his connection with that firm and had since been employed by the Massillon Bridge Company. With the exception of two years, which he spent in Ft. Wayne, Ind., where he was at the head of a large establishment, Mr. Bernard had spent his entire life in Stark county.
Mr. Bernard was married to Barbara Conrad, at Navarre, on February 2, 1858, and she, with her nine children, survive him. The latter are: Mrs. Harry Tinkler, of Canton; Charles Bernard, of Richville; Otto Bernard, of El Paso, Texas; Mrs. F. Marks, Felix, Louis, Oscar, Laura and Mamie Bernard, of this city. The funeral services will be held at St. Joseph's church at 9:30 o'clock, Tuesday morning.
A COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.
Knights of Pythias Expect to Have a Fine Time.
CANTON, Jan. 12.—Captain T. S. Bolton, Lieutenant C. L. Lehman and Sergeant C. F. Schaefer, of the Canton company No. 38, U. R. K. of P., will visit Massillon Tuesday afternoon to confer with Colonel-elect J. C. F. Putnam. At this conference definite arrangements will be effected for the complimentary banquet to be tendered by the Canton company to the officers of the 8th regiment on February 4 at the Hotel Hurford. This will be a stag affair, at which the old officers of the regiment will retire and Colonel-elect Putnam and his staff will assume command.
A MASSILLON CASE.
McLain & Saggart, plumbers, of Massillon, began suit in court on Monday to recover \$71.55 from Luella Leggett. The amount is alleged to be due for labor and material. Willison & Day are the plaintiffs' attorneys.
PROBATE COURT NOTES.
A marriage license has been granted to Nicholas Stenger and Kate Pearl, of Massillon. Final accounts have been filed in the following estates: Frank C. Meyer and Joseph A. Meyer, of Canton; Wm. W. Gibson, of Alliance, and Eugene L. Smith, of Canton; James A. Welker has been appointed guardian of Francis G. Boyer, of Osnaburg township. Corwin D. Bachtel has been appointed guardian of M. Grace and Harry W. Bachtel, of Canton. The guardian of the Muehleman heirs, of Alliance, has filed the second partial account.
IMPORTANT AMENDMENT.
The Russell & Co. Association will Change Its Rules.
On account of the small number present at no meeting of Russell & Co.'s Employed Mutual Benefit Association was held Monday evening. It has been postponed until January 23 at 3:30 o'clock, when the following amendment to section 2 of the constitution will be offered: "A member becoming sick or disabled shall cause the same to be communicated to the secretary during each week of such sickness or disability, whereupon he shall be entitled to five dollars per week after the first week of such sickness or disability, provided, however, that the period of such sickness or disability shall not exceed sixteen consecutive weeks." As it now reads the sick or disabled are allowed six dollars per week after the first week of illness or disability, and the period may cover forty consecutive weeks.

MR. SALTSMAN DEAD.

A Former Massillon Druggist Passed Away Suddenly.
ALLIANCE, Jan. 12.—William A. Saltzman, a Massillon druggist until recently, died at 4:45 this morning at his residence here, aged 47 years. He had been sick ten days of typhoid fever. Burial Thursday forenoon at Sallenville, his former home. He was a member of Masonic, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias societies.
Care your cough and prevent consumption by using Dr. Huntington's Cough Cure. 25c. Coughs, West Side drugist.

KASHNER STILL HAS SOME TIME TO SERVE.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 12.—David Kashner, a prisoner at the penitentiary from Stark county, serving an eighteen-months' sentence for counterfeiting, was released Monday upon the expiration of his sentence. Kashner was convicted in connection with J. B. Michener, a prominent politician of Stark county, who was arrested in Massillon. The matter attracted much attention at the time. Michener was given a two years' sentence.
BUT THERE HAPPENS TO BE NOTHING IN IT.
WHAT THE OFFICERS SAY.
A Report Started by Rivals to the Effect That a Receiver Would be Appointed—The Condition of the Company Said to be Very Fair.
A rumor that a receiver would be appointed for the Wheeling & Lake Erie railway spread rapidly in Massillon. Local officers knew nothing about the matter, and those highest in authority discredited it at once. The company now owes its employees their wages for three months, but as it is customary to retain one month's wages, the corporation is really behind only two months. It has been intimated that a two months' pay would be made in January. While the hands are inconvenienced, they are not impatient, and the managers of the road have their confidence. With improving conditions the resources of the road will be greatly increased.
NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The feature of the stock market Tuesday was the Wheeling & Lake Erie stocks, which were decidedly active on rumors affecting the credit of the company, and the suggestion of a probable receiver. Another rumor was that at a meeting of the board of directors, to be held on January 26, a critical condition of affairs will be reported owing to the losses of company in common with others of the coal roads, resulting from the sharp cutting in rates by the Baltimore & Ohio.
When Warrington E. Connor, chairman of the board of directors of the Wheeling & Lake Erie, was asked what ground there was for the talk of a receiver for the company, he said:
"No application has been made for a receiver, and I know of no intention of so doing. Rumors of this kind have this kind have been in circulation for eighteen months past and have always emanated from sources unknown to me. In my opinion the rumors have been circulated for just the purpose which the present one seeks to bring about, namely, to injure the credit of the company and thereby force a receivership."
"Although I have no assurance in regard to the matter, I believe that the stories have come from competitors of the Wheeling & Lake Erie, in the hope that the business now enjoyed by that company might be diverted to them."
TOLEDO, Jan. 13.—Col. S. C. Reynolds, a W. & L. E. director and one of the stockholders of the company, was seen this afternoon and was profoundly surprised when told that the New York stock market had been affected by such rumors. He said: "This is the first I have heard of any such suggestion. There is not a word of truth in the statement that a receivership is contemplated. The interest was paid on the first of the month. President Blair is in New York attending the regular meeting of the directors. An application for a receivership would have to be filed in Toledo, but no such papers have been filed."
SWEEPSTAKE SHOOT.
Massillonians Again Distinguish Themselves.
In spite of the disagreeable weather spectators and contestants were numerous at the sweep stake shoot held at North Lawrence on Monday. Shooting began at 10 o'clock in the morning and the first event of importance was a bird race in which "Cap" Smith, of Massillon, and Wolf, of North Lawrence, tied first money, each killing four birds. In the afternoon a seven-bird match was arranged and Brown and Oberlin, of North Lawrence, tied for first place each killing five birds. Smith and Wolf were even for second honors and in the shoot off Wolf won. A consolation shoot was also arranged and was won by Ray L. Markel, of Massillon, and Johnson, of North Lawrence, who divided money.
FINED FOR SPEARING FISH.
Joseph Weber and Frank Gladiax, two young men of Louisville, were arrested Monday afternoon by Deputy State Game Warden Dangelesen. They had been killing fish in a neighboring creek with spears, and when arraigned pleaded guilty. The hearing took place in Justice Webb's court in Canton and Weber and Gladiax were each fined \$25 and the costs.
THE GREATEST MONARCH.
Is a fit subject for pity if he is troubled with dyspepsia, while his poorest subject who digests properly may well be envied by a prince thus afflicted. The dyspeptics of every clime and nation owe a debt of gratitude to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which rescues them from one of the most obstinate and troublesome complaints against which medical skill is directed. On this continent, in Europe and the tropics, this sterling remedy is pre-eminently and justly popular, not only as a stomachic, but also as a means of preventing and curing malarial, rheumatic, bilious, and nervous disorders. It improves appetite and sleep, hastens convalescence and the acquisition of vigor after exhausting maladies, and counteracts the infirmities of age. A wineglassful taken before retiring has a tendency to promote tranquil, health yielding sleep, a boon much coveted by nervous invalids.

NEW REFUNDING BONDS.

The Council Decides to Issue Them.

THE AMOUNT TO BE \$8,000.

The Old Gamewell Bill for "Extras Comes Up and is Settled After Deductions are Made—The Report of the Fire Chief—Bills Paid.
The regular meeting of the city council was called to order Tuesday night by President Pro Tem Paul, President Reay not appearing until after roll call. Mr. Jacoby was the only member absent. The clerk read the annual report of Fire Chief Burke, which was ordered filed and printed with the clerk's report.
FIRE DEPARTMENT REPORT.
Chief Burke estimates the total loss by fire during the year ending December 31, 1896, at \$19,640, an increase over 1895 of \$15,099. The total amount of insurance was \$13,629, and in 1895 was \$3,348. The net loss by fire in 1896 was, therefore, \$6,011, and in 1895 \$1,193. The great loss during the past year, compared with 1895, is due to larger fires, the chief says, and not because of inefficiency on the part of the department, the latter having been prompt and successful in its operations. The total expenditures for the department during the year, for incidentals, are estimated at \$3,143.23. The chief further states that the water pressure gave complete satisfaction, also the alarm system. He recommended the purchase, however, of two additional boxes, one for South Erie street and the other for the public square. He reports the hose at out houses in bad condition, and recommends the purchase of 700 feet, also a Loeb respirator.
A petition requesting the establishment of a grade on Chester street, also an additional light, was referred to the street and alley and light committees.
REFUNDING BONDS.
On Mr. Paul's motion the rules were suspended and the following resolution, by the ways and means committee, was read: Be it resolved by the city council of the city of Massillon that bonds of said city be issued to the amount of \$8,000 for the purpose of extending the time of payment of said indebtedness of \$8,000, the city, from its limits of taxation, being unable to pay said amount at its maturity and it being for the best interest, in the opinion of the council to change said indebtedness. Said bonds are issued for the purpose of taking up \$2,900 of sewer notes and \$5,100 of street improvement notes, said notes having been found valid and binding obligations of the city of Massillon. The resolution further provides that the bonds shall be issued in denominations of \$500, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent and date from April 1, 1897, the first becoming due in six months and one to fall due every six months thereafter. The resolution was unanimously adopted, Mr. Brown presenting the motion.
An ordinance providing for the issue of funding bonds in the sum of \$8,000 was on a further suspension of the rules, given three readings and was passed.
COMMITTEES REPORTS.
The judiciary committee and solicitor to whom the E. L. Hering damage claim was referred, did not consider the city liable, as the city recovers no share of the bridge fund from the county. The report was accepted. In the opinion of the judiciary committee and solicitor, E. Keller's property had sustained no material damage. They also considered the city not liable for damages to C. W. Arnitz for injuries received by him. Both reports were accepted.
The sewer committee inspected the recently constructed catch basins, reported proper repairs and recommended payment in full to the contractors. The report was tabled on Mr. Paul's motion, Messrs. Kouth and Smith voting no.
A resolution by Mr. Kouth instructing the street commissioner to haul ashes, at the expense of property owners, to all places where owners of property had not complied with the notices, was adopted.
The engineer was instructed to furnish house numbers to residents in Third street between Main and North streets, on Mr. Paul's motion.
Mr. Chandlee, of the Gamewell Fire Alarm Company, appeared in behalf of a bill of \$1,004, a balance due on the local system. Irregularities were considered, and after \$125 had been allowed for the return of an indicator and \$30 charged for extra wire, the bill, \$849, was allowed. This bill has been before the council for three years, and was only paid by the present members after careful investigation. Articles not specified in the contract had been ordered, seemingly through no legal source, namely, an extra alarm box and an equipment of key boxes.
THE TRUE REMEDY.
W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., Chief, says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds, whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.
The only remedy in the world that will at once stop itchy skin in any part of the body, that is absolutely safe and never-failing, is Doan's Ointment. Get it from your dealer.
Why not profit by the experience of others who have found a permanent for catarrh in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE YOUNG HEIRS AT LAW.

Litigation Over Coal Land—Other County Seat News.
CANTON, Jan. 13.—Judge Taylor is hearing today the case of William S. Young against Letitia Myers and others. Suit was brought to compel a conveyance of coal interests heretofore held by Letitia Myers, Mrs. Francis Morganthaler and Oza Young to the plaintiff. Lawyers Willison & Day and W. R. Day represent the plaintiff, and Baldwin & Shields are retained by the defense.
IN PROBATE COURT.
The guardian of Herman Albright, of Massillon, has been ordered to invest the ward's funds in real estate. A final account has been filed in the guardianship of Sarah Putman, of Sugaroreek township. Inventory, appraisement and a final account have been filed in the estate of Richard R. Porter, of Lawrence township. Sarah C. Kaylor has been appointed administratrix of the estate of Daniel M. Kaylor, of Canton. In the assignment of Caroline Rucht, of Canton, inventory and appraisement have been filed and private sale of personal property ordered. First partial accounts have been filed in the estates of John C. Black, of Tascarawas township, and George U. L. Mellinger, of Canton. In the estate of McClure C. Boyd, of Sandy township, appraisement and public sale of land, subject to life estate of the widow, have been ordered. Cora M. Smith has been appointed guardian of Harold Hollinger, of Tascarawas township. Marriage licenses have been granted to August Pedrotte and Lorena Caley, of North Iniquary, and Louis Akins and Emma Darr, of Alliance.
DOW TAX RECEIPTS.
Auditor Reed reports to the state auditor that there are, in Stark county, 231 saloons, as against 249 at the last settlement, 25 less. For the six months ending January 9, the licenses expiring the fourth Monday in May, the total amount received was \$38,839.55. Of this sum the state gets \$11,652.86; municipal police fund, \$3,265.54; municipal general revenue fund, \$9,906.01; county poor fund, \$9,017.14. The municipal police and municipal revenue funds get the following: Canton, \$9,640.56; Massillon, \$4,086.84; Alliance, \$2,402.95; Canal Fulton, \$423.52; Navarre, \$423.52; Louisville, \$38.81; Beach City, \$169.41; Osnaburg, \$157.26; Magnolia, \$84.50.
TAYLOR LEAVES HIS CASE.
R. Norwood Taylor, formerly a Canton attorney, failed yesterday in his attempt to secure a divorce in Perry, Oklahoma Territory. He charged his wife with associating with and drinking wine with other men, but the court ruled against him. Lawyer Taylor married a prominent young lady of Hamilton, O., and later deserted her. A dispatch from Perry today states that when Taylor arrived there in May, he said he was an ambassador for Major McKinley and had come to fix things for McKinley in Oklahoma.
GRANTED A DIVORCE.
Emma Newstetter was granted a divorce from David Newstetter on Tuesday, by Judge Taylor. Extreme cruelty and drunkenness were charged.
ANOTHER DOCTOR
Converted to Wheelism—The
The List Growing Rapidly—
Will Soon Include
THE ENTIRE PROFESSION.
Dr. A. T. Parrish, Byron, Mich., is a gifted physician of worthy repute, devoted to his profession and patrons, progressive and practical. A comprehensive reader and an extensive contributor to medical journals, which incidentally led to his knowledge of Dr. Wheeler's product "Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer." Skeptical, as all good physicians are, he waited for evidence of its merit. When produced he was still in doubt. Only personal observation would convince him. His little 4-year-old child had a very serious nerve trouble, commonly called "night terrors," a congenital condition of the brain and nerves. The trouble had resisted every form of treatment they had applied. Here was an opportunity to test the merit claimed for Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer. He administered it in small doses at bed time. No symptoms of the trouble appeared the first night, nor the second, nor the third. Further treatment was unnecessary for the trouble was cured. Dr. Parrish declares the medicine to be a remarkable preparation and worthy of all that is claimed for it.
Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer is now extensively used in the treatment of nervous troubles by physicians in all parts of the country, who, like Dr. Parrish, know it to be a specific for nervous prostration, sleeplessness, St. Vitus's dance, general debility, fits, spasms and all forms of nervous diseases.
Z. T. Baltzly and all druggists.
All that is beautiful and lovely in woman finds its climax in motherhood. How often we find among our American women that longing for the prattling voice, the idol of their waiting hearts. It is a natural instinct, this yearning of the heart for offspring; yet the wife hesitates to talk with the family physician on this delicate subject. A good way to do is to send for a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in plain English, a great 1,008 page, illustrated family doctor book, wherein all such delicate subjects are fully discussed. 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a free copy. Formerly sold at \$1.50.
Exposure to Disease
Does not necessarily mean the contraction of disease provided the system is in a vigorous condition, with the blood pure and all the organs in healthy action. When in such a condition contagion is readily resisted and disease germs can find no lodgment. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to build up the system because it makes pure, rich blood, and pure blood is the basis of good health. In cold weather it is especially necessary to keep up the health tone because the body is subject to greater exposure and more liable to disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the safeguard of health.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Revival meetings are being held at the M. E. church at West Brookfield by the Rev. J. H. Barron.

The fifth of the Massillon Club series of entertainments will take place Friday night. Progressive euchre will be played, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Miss Matilda Miller, of this city, and Miss Moore, of Canal Dover, left for Apalachicola, Fla., Tuesday, where they will remain for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hare, of Blackleyville, Wayne county, killed a hog one year old, which weighed 778 pounds. This "shadow" the boasted Massillon porker.

Young people for miles round gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Christman, west of town, Tuesday evening, and spent the time in a very pleasant manner.

Peter Sailer is suffering with a very sore hand and arm. He accidentally cut a finger a few days ago and blood poisoning resulted. The hand was lanced today.

Mrs. Jane P. Sackett, of Tallmadge, Summit county, is one of the few pensioners of the war of 1812. She draws a pension on account of her husband, who was killed in the war.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon F. Weller returned home Monday evening from Wheeling, after a brief wedding trip, and have since been receiving the congratulations of friends at their South Mill street residence.

The local coal train that started from Massillon at 5 o'clock every morning on the Pennsylvania railroad is a thing of the past, and will remain so until the mines resume operations. The seven men of the crew are consequently idle. The engine is housed here.

Mrs. Barbara Ertle, an aged resident of Akron street, died at 8 o'clock this morning, after an illness of more than a month. She leaves a number of grown children, among them Edward and Andrew Ertle, the former being a member of the Massillon police force. The funeral will be conducted from St. Mary's church on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

The Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad has in contemplation important improvements in the road bed, which will involve the expenditure of thousands of dollars. It is the intention to grade the road bed so that the grade will be no greater than twenty feet per mile. Buck Hill, east of town, has been surveyed, and will be one of the first grades reduced to conform to the new plan.

Miss Irene Holliday died at her mother's residence, in Paul street, Sunday morning, of consumption, with which she had suffered since last October. She was 29 years of age. On account of the illness of the deceased's mother, Mrs. Lucinda Holliday, the services at the residence will be brief and private, and the funeral sermon will be preached in the A. M. E. Zion church at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Jacob S. Coxey's quartermen have again caused trouble. This morning the entire force stopped work and demanded pay which is now past due. Two quartermen, Eckert and Martin, have been discharged for being alleged ringleaders, and there is a possibility that the trouble may be bridged over until Mr. Coxey's return from St. Louis, where he has gone with his son-in-law for the purpose of organizing a brand new party.

The amusement committee of the Twentieth Century Club has completed arrangements for an athletic entertainment, to take place one week from tomorrow evening, in the club's gymnasium, to which all members will be invited with the privilege of bringing a limited number of friends. The week following a card party will be held, and among the other pleasures to be looked forward to are the mock trial, the debates and music nights.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClymonds gave a dinner Saturday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Day, of Canton. A beautiful center piece appeared on the round table, and the dinner cards were pen and ink sketches of Gibson girls and men. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Steese, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Arnold, Miss Huntington, of Pittsburg, Miss Laura Russell, Mr. Arvine Wales and Mr. Robert H. Day.

The Canton correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer has the impudence, in speaking of the last Cemetery Association affair, to write of "the entertainment at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClymonds, in the West End." Nothing indicates that the affair occurred in Massillon at all. It is flattering, perhaps, to be sought for an annexation purpose, but while Canton remains "an impressionist picture done in mud and other distempers," Massillon prefers to retain its individuality.

There will be a union meeting of the school teachers of Perry and Tuscarawas townships at the Myers school, two miles southwest of Massillon, Saturday afternoon and evening, January 16. A. G. Sliffe will discuss "Music in the Schoolroom." Mr. Metzger, "Literature for the Pupils." D. W. Walter, "Some Successful Elements in a Teacher." H. H. Galatin, "Principles and Application of Percentage." E. G. Bowers, "The Solar System Illustrated." Teachers and patrons of the public schools are assured a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Maria Warwick gave a progressive euchre party, Tuesday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Morton, of Columbus. Eleven tables were occupied. Mrs. Lester, and Mrs. Sollman of Canton, took the first and second prizes, handsome pieces of Wedgewood, and Mrs. Ulman received the third or consolation prize, a Del't plate. Those present from out of town were Mrs. Odbert, of Cleveland; Mrs. Morton, of Columbus; Mrs. Sollman, Mrs. David B. Day, Mrs. Charles Cook, Mrs. Welty, Miss Mary Cross and Miss Florence Allen, of Canton.

James Ferguson, of Akron, charged with passing counterfeit coin, was brought to Massillon by Deputy United States Marshal Keeley, Monday morning, and was given a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Folger. Assistant District Attorney W. C. Kay was present, and Detective Dunn, who worked up the case; Francis McGuire, on whom the spurious coins were traced, and George McDowell, who knew

something about the affair; all of Akron, were there as witnesses. Ferguson was bound over to the United States court in the sum of \$1,000.

William Augstadt and some other boys were running in South Mill street, Tuesday evening, and just before they reached the intersection of Main, Augstadt slipped on an icy spot in the sidewalk and fell forcibly to the ground. His companions helped him to rise and he was carried into Schuoker's drug store, where Drs. Ess and Williamson were called upon to dress a ruptured blood vessel and tendon and to reduce a fracture of a small bone, all in the region of the ankle of the left foot. The injured boy is a son of C. H. Augstadt, whose home is in Chestnut street. His injuries are serious, and it will be some time before he will be able to be about.

The Massillon branch of the Needle Woman's Guild, which was organized here in December, has been quietly doing most effective work, having already collected over one thousand new garments. A room in the Nahum S. Russell house was placed at the disposal of the organization, and on Monday the presidents and directors met to receive and sort the clothing and make arrangements for its distribution. An investigating committee being already appointed to find out where this sort of help is most needed. The garments are all new, and most of them of excellent quality. Boys' suits, dresses for women, boots, shoes, hats, gloves, stockings, underwear and bed clothing make up the list, and with such a store at its disposal the Massillonians' guild will be able to do an incalculable amount of good.

Mrs. James R. Dunn's usual Monday night musicals were made thoroughly delightful by the presence of Miss Huntington, of Pittsburg, soprano, and Mr. Frederick Nichols, of Cleveland, baritone. Mr. Nichols is a son-in-law of Mr. Hopper, of the Standard Oil Company, and is himself associated with that great institution. He sings in public only for benefit entertainments and at private affairs, and his superb voice was therefore new to all who met him last night. It was a great treat to hear his full rich tones in a wide variety of selections, and the enthusiasm which followed was pardonable indeed. Miss Huntington, accompanied by Miss Burton, was obliged to leave early, but generously answered the many appeals for the things she sings so well. Mrs. Dunn was at her very best, and Mr. Seale, without whom it would now seem impossible to undertake anything in a musical way, furnished the accompaniments. Something in the atmosphere seemed to inspire all who contributed to the programme, and led those present to thank Mrs. Dunn anew for the pleasant privilege of dropping in at Edgewater, informally and unbidden, on Monday nights.

MINERS AT COLUMBUS.

The Result of the First Test Vote Tuesday Afternoon.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 13.—The national convention of United Mine Workers opened with eighty delegates present. A warm discussion arose over the right of delegates-at-large to vote in the convention, and the credentials committee referred the matter to the convention for final settlement.

The discussion divided itself into a test of strength between the Ratchford and McBryde factions. The supporters of Mr. Ratchford desired to follow the established custom of allowing the delegates-at-large to vote for all districts not otherwise represented, and with equal vigor the McBryde people opposed it, contending that no delegate, whether he represented a local or was a delegate-at-large, should vote in the convention without he could produce credentials showing that he represented the local for which he wished to vote.

The local motive for all the discussion was the recent Ohio delegates' not holding proper credentials from voting, since they, if allowed the prerogative, would support Ratchford for national president, and this the McBryde people wished to prevent. After some discussion Mr. Ratchford moved that the delegates-at-large be authorized to cast the vote of absent locals whether they were possessed of credentials or not. A discussion of much warmth followed, and President Farns, of the Ohio miners, moved that the motion be laid on the table. This was carried and the Ratchford people, though defeated in this, gave notice that they would bring the motion up again at tomorrow's meeting and be given another hearing before the final report of the credentials committee was finally accepted.

Nothing was done at the Wednesday morning session. At one p. m. a resolution was offered to abolish the Journal because it does not pay; also to break up the society through which officers get membership in the Knights of Labor.

MCBRYDE FEELS SORE.

Patrick McBryde, who was turned down by the Pittsburg delegates to the miners' national convention as a candidate for president, has been interviewed. Says he: "I must confess that the opposition has done some very fine work and has apparently accomplished its purpose, but, though Pat McBryde be dead as a presidential candidate, yet his ghost will continue to haunt those who have killed him. The action today of district No. 5 in indorsing Ratchford need not interfere with my being a candidate for national president. I have nothing but the kindest words for Mr. Ratchford, and, if I am defeated, I sincerely trust that he will be the successful candidate."

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly, druggist.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

IT'S ALL VERY STRANGE

The Newman Correspondent on the Situation.

MASSILLON'S TWO ASSOCIATIONS

The Independent Miners' Association forbids the United Mine Workers from Distributing Circulars in the Vicinity—Prospecting for Coal on the Ranch Farm.

NEWMAN, Jan. 13.—It's amusing to say the least, to watch the miners' rival organizations in the Massillon district. The Independents forbid the U. M. W. of A. to send any more of their documents or pamphlets into this district, while others would be greatly insulted if they should happen to be slighted. Truly we might ask, "Where are we at?" Our operators, after paying a sixteen cent per ton differential for three months, refused to pay ten now in the same market. Strange, isn't it? The Willow Grove Coal Company is again prospecting for coal on the Christian Ranch farm. Boys, get four feet of good coal and we will guarantee a market that will easily justify the paying of the sixty-one cent per ton to the miners and allow you a good, round profit for your investment.

Miss Jennie Kitt, of Canal Fulton, but at present the popular teacher at West Brookfield, visited her friend, Miss M. E. Findley, over Sunday. Mrs. William Smith, better known to our people as Sue Kay, of Michigan, was around last week renewing old acquaintances of some eighteen years ago. She is highly pleased with her new home in Michigan.

John Street returned home last Saturday from Canal Fulton, after a ten days' treatment for asthma, considerably improved, under the skilled management of Dr. Dissinger. He speaks very highly of the kindness shown by his friends during his stay. R. A. Pollock, in company with his cousin, John P. Pollock, of Moset, Mo., drove down from North Lawrence on Sunday and visited at the Street residence. John P. retains all his old time vigor and looks well. Mr. James Cooney being present questioned him relative to the school book series used in Missouri and Texas, and was pleased to learn of their being uniform. The Mrs. Alice Danner Jones lecture in the church last Friday evening, was indeed a grand treat. Her subject, "Country Lads and Lassies," was very well handled and the best of language used, giving entire satisfaction to all present. William Rummus is visiting relatives at Sherodsville this week. Thos. Reese returned home last week from West Virginia, where he had been working for some time. Wm. T. Aston, of East Greenville, spent several days the past week in our village, the guest of the Aston family. Benjamin Watkins returned from Youngstown last week, where he had been spending the holidays. Mrs. Jennie Reese made a business trip to Canton last Wednesday. Thos. M. Morgan, of New Philadelphia, visited friends in this place, his former home, the past week.

BETHLEHEM TEACHERS' MEETING.

The second of the four regular institutes held each winter term by the teachers of Bethlehem township was held at the River Dale schoolhouse, Saturday, January 9. Considering the almost impossible condition of the roads, together with the isolated position of the schoolhouse, the teachers and citizens of Bethlehem and adjoining townships are to be congratulated for their interest and devotion in a cause so necessary in a time so trying. Special thanks are also to be extended to the householders for the hospitality shown visitors, to the Beek Orchestra for the delightful music furnished, and to Prof. Heminger, of Beach City, for his presence and valuable talk upon "Moral Instruction." The chief topics of discussion were Quick's "Educational Reformers," together with the various other school problems which might arise in the discussions. A query box was had in the evening, which furnished much information and no little amusement. Altogether the institute might be considered quite a success, and it is earnestly hoped that the next meeting, to be held at the Eberly schoolhouse, Saturday, February 20, may be a greater success in every detail.

WILMOT HAPPENINGS

WILMOT, Jan. 12.—The Tile Company have a large supply of tile on hand for the spring trade. Gerhart Mayforth is having lumber sawed by Joseph Graber for a stable in Beach City. A part of the real estate of W. S. Putnam will be sold at assignee's sale on Saturday next. Jonathan Hobbs, of Wellington, visited town recently. On last Thursday, at the Evangelical parsonage, the Rev. Cornwell united in marriage Mr. A. Swartz and Miss Landis. On the sick list at present are Wm. M. Johnston and James Malone. The Rev. Mr. Fry has been holding revival services at the U. B. church. Some of our people expect to attend the Sunday school convention at Walnut Creek, Saturday.

MOVING EVENTS AT MT. EATON.

MT. EATON, Jan. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eckhart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wert, of Dalton, and Charles Stonffer and sister, of Koochs, O., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Stair on Sunday. Quite a change around will take place in the spring. George Stair will move north of Applecreek on a farm; Charles Biner, north of West Lebanon on the Pottit farm. Lee E. Messner will move into the property vacated by George Stair. Mrs. Bachman will move back to town and occupy her residence in South Market street, where Nana Blanchard lives. Mrs. Reinhart was buried here Tuesday. She was 78 years of age. Mrs. J. H. Reed is still

very ill. Abraham C. Tschantz, northwest of town, died Friday morning. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon. He was followed to his last resting place by a large concourse of neighbors and friends. His age was 78 years, 7 months and 2 days. Mrs. Thas Thompson is confined to her bed with the grip. Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Reed were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Numbers, Sunday. Miss Emma Desvoigne returned to Wooster, Tuesday. Mrs. J. C. Smith and Mrs. J. J. Schladly are on the sick list.

BOLIVAR NOTES.

BOLIVAR, Jan. 14.—Emmet Hill, who was hurt on the hand some time ago while working on the W. & L. E. railroad, is recovering rapidly. He bled considerably before the arteries could be taken up. Ode Smith has returned from his trip to Indiana. Some say that he purchased a farm while on his visit. John Lenhart is slowly recovering from a light stroke of paralysis. This is the second time that he has suffered from paralysis. A petition is being circulated among the Republican electors of Bolivar and vicinity requesting an election to determine who shall be postmaster of Bolivar under the next administration. It was reported that Earl King was married to a Miss Fudler, of Mineral Point. We find it is a mistake and take this opportunity to correct the statement. Mr. Henry Zutavern brought two large dressed hogs to town yesterday. They weighed 339 and 341 pounds respectively. He was to receive 4½¢ per pound for them, but for some reason the purchaser went back on his word, and Mr. Zutavern was obliged to take them home again. Dr. William Garrett has been on the sick list for a few weeks, but is able to make trips to the country again. Dr. Garrett is well liked in this community, and has been very successful as a physician. The Masons will hold their annual social on Thursday, January 14.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

GREEN TOWN, 14. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Wise, a son. The sick list of this place is unusually long this week. Wm. Weary has returned to Akron to resume his duties in the business college there. Miss Sadie Dearoff was compelled to return to her home from Akron on account of ill health, last Friday. L. Smith was a business visitor to Cleveland on Tuesday. The Daughters of Rebekah will give a supper in the I. O. O. F. hall, next Saturday evening. Miss Cora Acker, who is employed in Akron, has returned to that city after an illness of several days. Mr. Ira Kessinger, who was injured in a mine accident last week, is steadily improving under Dr. L. E. Dougherty's care. Messrs. Andrew Brown and Metz gave an entertainment with a graphophone in Myers hall on Friday evening. Mr. Frank Kreighbaum, of this town, and Miss Helen Beal, of Wheeling, W. Va., were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents, on December 31, 1906. The Rev. O. B. Jones is in Crystal Springs, a health resort in New York. Wm. McMasters, a student from the Mt. Union college, occupied the pulpit in the M. E. church on Sunday, in the Rev. Jones's stead.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP NEWS.

CRYSTAL SPRING, Jan. 14.—John Moore, of Magnolia, was here last week calling on friends. Will Olvey left for Wadsworth last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffer, of Massillon, spent a few days at this place last week with relatives. Miss Anna Post returned to Cleveland, after spending few days at this place with her parents. Ewald Herman is on the sick list. am. Williams visited friends in Hametown a few days last week. Mrs. Peter Meisner is convalescent, after a severe siege with lung fever. William Leonard returned home last Friday, after spending a week with Massillon friends. "Bosht" says he enjoyed his visit very much. Our young people enjoyed excellent skating on the reservoir last week. Leonard's hall attracted the usual large crowd last Saturday night, the occasion being a hard times ball, which was enjoyed by everybody. Beautiful prizes were awarded to John Molson and Miss Florence Beil.

First

Last and all the time Hood's Sarsaparilla has been advertised as a blood purifier. Its great cures have been accomplished through purified blood—cures of scrofula, salt rheum, eczema, rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling. It cures when others fail, because it

Always

Strikes at the root of the disease and eliminates every germ of impurity. Thousands testify to absolute cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla, although discouraged by the failure of other medicines. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Stop Right Here.

Don't freeze your ears or fingers. Everything goes in our January Sale.

1 Lot Boys' and Men's Caps 25c, 50c values. 2 Lot, Men's and Boys' Caps 50c. This lot includes some very fine Plush Caps. Lot 3—Men's, Boys' and Children's Mitts, 15c. Lot 4—Men's, Boys' and Children's Gloves and Mitts, 25c. Lot 5—Men's and Boys' Gloves 50c.

SPANGLER & CO.,

Cash Hatters and Men's Furnishers.

ROYAL

The absolutely pure BAKING POWDER

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

BISHOP LEONARD.

He Pays His Annual Visit to St. Timothy's Parish.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. Andrew Leonard, bishop of the diocese of Ohio, paid his annual visit to St. Timothy's parish on Sunday, and an unusually large congregation was present at the morning service. The Bishop confirmed a good sized class, and baptized little Katharine McLain the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. McLain. In the sermon which followed, Bishop Leonard dwelt upon the power of the church in the past and present, and its strength for resisting attacks brought on by scepticism, agnosticism and science. Contrary to the usual belief, the church is ever ready and willing to meet all such attacks, and as a proof of her ability to benefit those who stand firm upon the foundation of her teaching, she can point to the enlightenment and progression of every christian nation on the earth.

Fell Three Hundred Feet.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 13.—[By Associated Press]—Four were killed and one fatally injured at the shaft of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company today. They were descending in a bucket when the crosshead fell on them, carrying them to the bottom of the shaft, 300 feet.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c and \$1 per box. Williams' Medical Co., proprietors, Cleveland, O. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly, Massillon, O.

Farm For Sale.

116½ acres of well improved land will be sold at public sale Thursday, Feb. 13, 1897 at one o'clock p. m. Said farm is located two and three-fourth miles west of Navarre, Stark county, O., one and one-half miles from Justus, and three miles from Beach City. Terms one-third cash as follows: One hundred dollars on day of sale balance on April 1, 1897; one third in one year, April 1, 1898; balance in two years April 1, 1899.

PETER A. BACH,

Executor of the estate of Jacob Bach, deceased.

Physicians recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup because of its prompt, positive action in all cases of lung trouble. It is a positively reliable cure for coughs and colds.

Beginning Early

Is half the battle. Don't wait for your cough to run into consumption. There's always danger of it. The germs or seeds of this disease are all around you. All that they want is an inactive liver and the scrofulous condition that follows it, to develop them. You need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery now to thoroughly purify your blood, build up sound, firm, honest flesh, and make every weak spot strong. It's a certain remedy for the earlier stages of consumption.

No need to fear the approach of crop if you have Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil in the house. Never was a case that it wouldn't cure if used at the outset.

GOT A SORE THROAT?

Don't let it run on—it may prove dangerous. Go to your druggist and ask for

TONSILINE.

Tonsiline cures any mouth or throat affection and does it promptly and thoroughly. It's the stitch in time. Don't neglect to use it.

25 and 50 Cents, at all druggists.

THE TONSILINE CO., - - CANTON, O.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

COVERED BARNYARDS.

How These Compare With Open Yards. Objections Against Them.

The decomposition of manure under cover, for which covered barnyards are chiefly recommended by their advocates, presents the most favorable conditions for the propagation of any germs of disease which may have infected a herd of cattle, according to American Cultivator, which advances the following opinions: When manure is composted under cover, its temperature is raised generally to something more than blood heat. No better seed bed for the propagation of germs of all kinds can be desired than this. So long as the manure keeps moist the germs stay in their place. But inevitably under cover, unless artificial watering is resorted to, the moisture in the manure pile becomes dried. As the farmer says, the manure "fire fangs," and when handled breaks up into fine powder, which in a close, darkened room flies about in every direction, lodging on walls and holding in this dust the germs of every disease that has been propagated in the fermenting manure heap. Is it any wonder that the tuberculous disease has raged most among the stock kept most carefully, by which is usually meant the most artificial and unwholesome conditions?

We do not condemn keeping animals warm, either in stables above ground or in underground basements. Whatever is necessary for the comfort of animals must be secured in inclement winter climate. But trying to save manure by composting it in the same room with the stock is something that never ought to be done. The composting should always be done out of doors. The manure, if kept moist, always will decompose its vegetable matter into most mold that will help to hold ammonia instead of into dry ash that will dissipate it. Instead of providing covered barnyards to hold the manure it should be brought outside the barn into the open air each day.

The man who works comfortably in the open air during the daytime needs shelter and protection at night. So, too, does stock. It is the attempt to preserve stock from exposure at all times, rather than keeping it warm and comfortable during hours of sleep, that is objected to. Giving some exercise in the open air each day is an essential to preserving health in all animals. It is because the covered barnyard makes this difficult that we are opposed to it. By keeping the open barnyard well littered with straw there will be little waste of manure. The advantage to health of providing a place for farm stock to freely exercise in will more than counterbalance any possible but not probable waste of manure from such cause.

Measurement of Water.

The state engineer of Wyoming is credited with the following by the "Orange Judd Farmer": The "inch" as used in the measurement of water is a very indefinite and unsatisfactory unit. The laws of Idaho make a cubic foot per second equal 30 miners' inches. The state engineer of Colorado computes that under the conditions defined by their statute it will require 38.4 inches to equal 1 cubic foot per second, but that is only under certain conditions. It may vary widely from that under the possible conditions of their law. The miners' inch in California varies in almost every district. There is no uniformity in the gauge nor the pressure under which the water shall be measured, pressure varying from 4 1/2 to 12 inches. In those sections of California in which a 6 inch pressure above the top of the orifice is used, a miners' inch is taken as discharging 0.225 cubic feet per second, which is about 38.4 inches to one cubic foot per second.

The Manual of Irrigation Engineering, by Wilson, gives 50 California miners' inches as equal to 1 cubic foot per second. In Wyoming the inch has no legal status nor any recognized method of measuring. To summarize, the entire states in which the absolute relation between the inch and the cubic foot per second has been fixed by law that relation has been fixed on the ratio of 50 miners' inches to 1 cubic foot per second, but in those states where the conditions of measurement have been fixed by law the ratio is from about 34.4 to 45.9 cubic inches.

Ashland Hams.

By request National Stockman reports the formula used by the Clay family of Kentucky in curing the once famous Ashland hams:

To sugar cure small hams or shoulders take enough spring or well water to cover the meat. For every hundred weight of meat use brown sugar, 3 pounds; salt peter, one-quarter pound; alum, an ounce; soda, an ounce. Mix these in the water and add enough salt to make a brine strong enough to bear an egg. Pour this cold over the meat, which should have been previously slightly salted to draw out the blood, weight the meat with stones to keep it under the pickle, and in about 30 days it will do to hang up to dry and smoke. Smoke meat three weeks, making the fire of green wood or sawdust. Ashland hams were smoked four weeks with green walnut wood.

A Bargain For You.

At the barn of the New Jersey experiment station was found a pile of tobacco stems which were used as a bedding and absorbent. They cost \$6 a ton, while their manurial value, as compared with other manures, is reported by Rural New Yorker to be \$10. Mixed with straw, they make a good bedding. There is a bargain for you! It pays to know what those waste products contain. The man who finds out first reaps the advantage.

COLD FRAMES.

Useful For Winter Gardening—How to Construct One at Small Expense.

The use of a cold frame adds very materially to the lengthening out of the vegetable season. Any one handy with tools can easily construct a frame. This should be 6 feet wide and may be of any length desired. For ordinary family use a frame of four sashes that is 13 feet in length will be sufficient. Of course for market gardening purposes the extent is almost unlimited. The best location for such a frame is where there is an eastern or southeastern exposure and shelter from the north and northwest winds. Common hemlock boards will answer for the frame, according to American Agriculturist, authority for the following:

Before placing this in position the soil should be dug out to the depth of 10 or 12 inches. Then posts are to be driven at each corner and the boards nailed to these so that one-half of their width is above the level of the surface. The rear board should be 2 or 3 inches higher than the front one in order to give sufficient slope to the sashes. Three feet from the end there should be a crosspiece about 2 inches wide to strengthen the side boards and to serve as a support for the sashes. The space from which the soil has been dug out should now be filled in with the best and richest garden soil obtainable.

The frame is now ready to receive cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce plants for early spring transplanting. The usual number put under one sash is from 300 to 400. If the weather should be dry and the sun hot at midday, the plants may have to be shaded and watered once or twice. After they have once taken root there is very little trouble with them. The sashes should be raised on all warm, sunny days and well covered when the weather is cold.

Thus treated, lettuce plants will be ready for planting in hotbeds in January or February and the cabbage and cauliflower in the open ground as soon as the season opens. After the plants have been taken out the frame may be transformed into a hotbed, or it may be used to good advantage for transplanting tomatoes, eggplants, peppers, etc., out of a separate hotbed where the plants have been started. The cost of construction is but trifling, and sashes ready for use can be procured at a small cost.

Profitable Economies.

In California for years it was the rule to let rot on the ground all oranges that were unburned or imperfect in any way—oversized or undersized or unmarketable from any other cause. As the orchards returned smaller profits, however, it was found that these fruits were valuable for marmalades and preserves, and they have now become an unimportant factor in the total income of the orange grower. Around the driers and canneries large heaps of peach and apricot stones accumulated and became a nuisance. It was afterward discovered that these would burn as well as the best stove coal, and they are now a source of profit, selling at \$15 per ton as fuel, while their ash is rich in phosphoric acid and potash and valuable as a fertilizer.

Now a new industry in connection with raisin growing is about to be established at Fresno. Raisin seeds sold in Germany at \$16 to \$18 per ton. The seeds are said to contain from 30 to 40 per cent of glycerine and 16 per cent of essential oil. The proposition under consideration is the erection of a raisin seedling plant, thus increasing the value of the product and utilizing the seeds. Around all the wineries of the state are vast heaps of grape seeds and stems, all of which are now wasted, but which contain a large percentage of tannic acid, and in Europe form an important item in the product of the vineyard. It is small economies that enable us to withstand the hard times, and even California is learning this lesson. The feeding of waste apples and of pomace from cider mills and the use of apples for jelly, evaporating, etc., are other instances of profitable economies in horticulture, says American Agriculturist, authority for the foregoing.

Irrigation in Kansas.

The Kansas Farmer, so far from being ready to call a halt on irrigation development in western Kansas, expects to see the favorable results which have thus far followed well directed efforts greatly multiplied and a very large proportion of the now almost unused plains subjected to a change as magical as that produced by irrigation in the southern portion of our California friend's own state. So little accustomed are irrigators generally to finding great supplies of water in other than surface streams or lakes that they uniformly underestimate the invisible supply of the great plains and look upon the short grass which grows upon the surface as the only valuable product possible.

News and Notes.

New stock food composed of rice bran and waste molasses, so mixed as to be comparatively dry and easily handled, is to be introduced.

While more beet sugar comes to New York than to any other city, it is nearly all the German product.

American wine is not very largely exported, the total for the last few years averaging about 900,000 gallons a year.

The coming orange crop of California is estimated at 8,375 carloads. Last year's crop was 7,000 carloads.

It is not always good policy to drop a product because the price is low, for the probability is that farmers enough will do so to shorten the supply and run the price well up another year.

Peppermint is produced in New York and Michigan.

The richer the feed the stronger the manure and the better the crops of next season.

THE PROOFREADER.

Above the printing presser's frets and jars, In a high room near to the sky and stars, Where earnest thought and patience rule alone, Unerring, sits the power behind the throne.

Not the turned "a" escapes his watchful eye, Nor false Greek accent which is lurking nigh. The phrase misspelled, misplaced or misapplied— These are his prey and many a fault beside.

When the great statesman's ardent speech, Which rings And stirs the blood of commoners and kings, Comes to the proofroom, filled with errors thick, He sets it right before the types can click.

The poet's verse of mingled dew and fire; The preacher's word, which lifts the soul up higher— Anon he decks that and queries this. The setting of the jewel—it is his.

When punctuation drives its victims wild, He who reads proof alone is calm and mild. He knows the use of every dash and dot. He takes the proofs and conquers on the spot.

Well is he named "corrector of the press." Through him alone the author finds redress. Though types may pile, compositors rebel, With him to make the copy all is well.

Yes, the proofreader's art shall still be known, Alert, intact, the power behind the throne. Nor think his hidden fame or fortune hard. For him the doing is its own reward.

—Eleanor W. F. Bates in Proofsheet.

A LOVER IN STONE.

In Yellowstone National park are innumerable geysers the waters of which are strongly impregnated with calcareous and silicious sinter, a white substance which instantaneously incrustates whatever it falls upon. Big mounds and craters are formed by it. Travelers place under the streams bottles and other objects they desire "turned to stone," as they term it, and as soon as the sinter hardens carry away their trophies in triumph.

Mr. Cyril Jacques was a morbid, dreamy and downcast young man. With form, fine face and even wealth at his command, he constantly meditated suicide and determined to become a feld de se. He wandered over the world to discover some artistic method of departing this life. He paled at the thought of an inquest over his mortal remains, of accounts in the press and of speculation by his fellow man. He climbed Vesuvius and for hours contemplated a plunge into the awful fires below, where his body would never be revealed. He did not fear instantaneous incineration—not that. He conceived that in the invisible world in which he was bound he might desire to gather his mortal elements somewhere, some time, in the cycles of eternity; hence, why so utterly amiable to them?

Mr. Jacques sailed to the borders of the great mainland off Norway and considered a plunge therein heavily plated in a metallic armor. Here again he paused and foresaw the decay of the metal and the possibility and absorption of animal life.

He studied aeronautics intently and consulted the world's aerospace engineers M. Gabriel Von and Captains Renard and Krebs as to the possibility of an airship which would bear him beyond the earth's atmosphere out into homeloidal space. Again defeat. These great men assured him that, for all his wealth, finite power could not achieve the infinite.

In the year 1870 he read of the first expeditions of Dr. F. V. Hayden into the unknown wilds of the Rockies, of the initiation of the then worldwide respected United States geological survey, of the wonderful geysers regions of Wyoming. Into the northwest corner of this territory he hastened his flight. August was waiting when he mounted the terraces of Mammoth hot springs and saw the clear blue waters gush from the highest plaza and fall evenly in veil-like sheets over the sides, which constantly increased in size. He saw that he had only to sit there to be pushed higher and higher, while a mountain of incrustation broadened below him and reared him about.

But as he watched the transformation of liquid into solids he saw that certain objects at the base of the mound, as fast as they became incased with sinter, were pushed down hill, down toward the valley below. He speculated. He concluded that some time a concussion of steam might explode the mound, and if a body were thrown therein it would become exposed to beasts, men or sun. So he determined to be incased separately and allow his body to be pushed down hill, to become one of the rapidly forming, immense mass of incrustated objects.

While the strange young man was exhausting his life devising aesthetic means of death Miss Mignonette Favre was leading a dissimilar career of inventing fancies and searching the world for a man who should be a synonym of her ideals so created. In her flights of romanticism she had investigated the wildest noble red man in the deepest of unfrequented deeps, but ascertained that his value set on a woman was less than that of a horse. She studied a widower president, but, if he fulfilled her dream, he did not take kindly to her advances. She went abroad determined to fascinate a great prince, but all the princes she met spoke not of love, but of an annual stipend to be come her husband.

In 1890 Miss Favre decided to enjoy the summer in the Yellowstone National park, a tract solely under the jurisdiction of the government, but formerly a part of the then territories of Wyoming and Montana. The Mammoth Hot Springs hotel suited her romantic ideas. While here she often climbed the plazas of the great spring. She placed bottle, combs, horseshoes and other objects under the trickling streams and saw them "turned to stone" to her heart's content. While she filled big boxes with a varied collection of these and kindred objects her ideal in this respect, as in the case of a man, was unfulfilled.

She saw the big heaps of objects incrustated, which seemed to have slid down into the valley, and she was indignant at the government for enacting laws to protect this "avalanche" and making it a misdemeanor to carry any

section away. She clambered up and down the avalanche—for such the slanting collection of objects seemed to be—and each day paused before a massive cone of white sinter, the solidity and great beauty of which she admired so much that it became a monomania with her. The cone was about seven feet in length, with a diameter of two feet, and looked as if it were a classic Ionic column.

At least Miss Favre concluded she could not live without the cone. In her frenzied admiration of it she forgot to search for a man of her romance. She hired the stableman to take a trusted force of men, steal the coveted object at night and bear it away to Livingston, Mon., by means of relays of horses and stout vehicles. The men conveyed it by nautical paths, avoiding the routes where officials were stationed, and got it safely to Livingston, where it was carefully packed in a long box and shipped to New York at a total cost of \$10,000, half of which went to the stableman.

Miss Mignonette accompanied her treasure, and on her arrival at her superb mansion on West End avenue had it unpacked and artistically displayed in an aesthetic, well lighted upper room which she had converted into a sort of museum for the exhibition of her trophies collected while traveling. Here she spent hours daily admiring her treasure, examining and re-examining the surface, which variously resembled corals and stalagmites, honeycombs and cells. Nor did she tire. On the contrary, so great grew her fascination that at last she was held by it as if by a spell, as a bird might be hypnotized by a snake. She would walk and walk around it, sing to it, indite poems in its honor and call it by endearing names.

One day Miss Mignonette read a wonderful account in a veracious newspaper concerning a frog which had been found alive in a marble block. She was startled. What if her cone contained some animal—a bear—a snake—goodness—what! This girl had some sense. She actually reasoned. She felt that if it contained anything the mysterious object must be something higher, nobler than she, so to fascinate her.

Should she smash it and end the mystery? No! Why spoil forever her idol? Again and again she caressed it, but always one end of it. Suppose the end toward which she was so irresistibly drawn were the head?

Miss Mignonette, after reading the frog story, grew so crazed with the possible romance of the situation that she at last became possessed with the belief that there was a man inside. What if it were true? He could not be dead—no, only in a trance. He must be young and handsome. Yes, he must be the idol of her dreams, for whom she had searched the world. Her future lord had been found at last. Dame Nature had granted her prayer and in the most romantic way ever conceived, yet, inconceivable even to the wildest flighted novelist, had enabled her to find her lover in stone.

She would break the seal—the long seal that had hidden him from the world. She would dress to receive him. There should be no one else present. He should awake from his long dream from the invisible world, should open his eyes on her loveliness, should awake to life and the world in her arms.

She arrayed herself gloriously. Her dark hair was arranged with white bands about it. A simple flowing gown of white enveloped her form, and over it was the faintest white fabric of illusion, so delicate as to deceive the eye. Her brown eyes, large and long lashed, shone with joy. Her feet were incased in tiny sandals. The nails of her delicate fingers shone pink hued, like the shell of a pearl. She was arrayed at last, ready with endearing terms to receive her lover from his case of stone. Incandescent lamps shed a soft, mellow glow over the room on to the cone, enhancing the glorious beauty of the girl.

With a sharp chisel she began to indent a crease the entire length of the cone. Gradually the crease deepened. Often she placed her ear to the opening trying to catch some sound, some movement. The opening arrived at a depth where the cone could be split open without injury to the inmate. She inserted several chisels, and with a hammer gently began the splitting process.

As the tomb began to open she paused. She was scared. The man would really be as in death. How could she revive him unless he immediately came to life! Suppose he were completely dead. What could she tell the authorities that which they would believe and not convict her as a murderess?

Gradually her courage came back. She would save him somehow. Had not nature granted her prayer and sent her a husband in the most mysterious, romantic fashion? Surely the power which sent him to her to be rescued would enable her to restore him to life. She gave several taps, and the cone divided in twain.

In the morning they found her in the museum in a dead faint. She did not revive for many days. Beside her were two halves of the cone of silicious sinter. The occupant which lay beside her was the limless trunk of a dead tree.—Exchange.

Mark Twain in South Africa.

Mark Twain has been telling the South African pressmen some yarns and cracking some jokes at his own expense. One of the latter is related by a Johannesburg paper. Mark was talking about South Africa's numerous recent afflictions. "Yes," he said, "you have had a fearful time here lately with wars, revolutions, rinderpest, locusts, drought—and me. I guess you can go no further with plagues. Now that I've come you must take a change for the better."—Westminster Gazette.

Remembered Her.

Miss Singer—I wonder if that rich uncle of mine remembered me when he made his will? I used to sing for him.

Mr. Law—I'm sure he must have. He hasn't left you anything.—Yonkers Statesman.



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For sale by F. E. Seaman.

THE INDEPENDENT Co. will print you anything you need in the line of job work.

Suggestions for those in Search of Health

Get rid of the bondage of habit. The use of condiments in your food such as pepper, spices, too much salt, do not nourish but create an abnormal appetite.

In many diseases it is not good to partake of too much animal food.

If you are ill it is better to lay aside the use of pork, tea and coffee.

Do not eat or drink when over heated or angry.

Eat slowly. It is not well to drink while eating.

If you wish to increase your fat and flesh drink freely of water.

Do not neglect bathing, and rub the body after a bath until the skin is warm and red.

Have a regular time for rest and eating.

Keep your feet warm, and head cool.

If you are inclined to be melancholy sleep on the right side.

Don't talk against anyone. If you have ill feelings against any person seek to do them a kindness.

Do not think evil of anyone. Get rid of all of your evil suspicions and jealous thoughts.

Cast them out of your mind as you would a viper, for such thoughts will injure your disposition, weaken your body, and ruin your health.

Do not listen to gossip against your neighbor, and remember there is something good that you can say of every one.

Do not worry about that which you can not help because it can do you no good, and do not worry about that which you can help because if you can help it you should do so and then you won't have anything to worry over.

Cultivate a cheerful, pleasant disposition, and you can be more easily cured of any disease that may afflict you.

WHAT DR. KUTCHIN DOES DO.

Dr. Kutchin makes the first object of his life to heal the afflicted; the second to get a well-deserved reputation as a healer of diseases among the people; the third, to earn a modest compensation in order to properly care for himself and family.

He does all that he agrees to, and is not a quack, and when failure does occur it can always be traced to carelessness, imprudence, or overwork on the part of the patient.

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Last, but not least, he cures after all methods but his have failed.

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Specialist in Chronic Diseases.

HUNDREDS OF SO CALLED INCURABLE CASES CURED!

Thousands of Men All over the country are being slowly bled to death year after year owing to the vital fluids passing out with the urine (water). They feel all run down, drained out and are unconscious of the true cause of their trouble. They are seeking relief from the family doctor, they are treated for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Heart Troubles or Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, but to no purpose. They try patent nostrums, but these disappoint them. These sufferers may be of all ages, from mere boys to advanced life, but the majority are middle-aged married men who have worked day and night, as you might say, for years and years. If such will come to the Doctor, and bring a bottle of their urine, he will show them the cause of their trouble.

The Chronic Afflicted In order to have the skill of the Noted Specialist, must first go to such specialist, or the Specialist must go to them. Statistics show that among all chronic sufferers, not more than one in five hundred ever go to the larger cities to receive treatment; this fact is owing mainly to: The terrible dread the sick have of leaving home and going into the turmoil, noise and confusion of a great city, and the unreasonable hesitation incident to travel. Also the great expense of the trip and the unreasonable cost of treatment. It is a notorious fact that chronic diseases are so distinct from acute ones that the regular practitioner, as a rule, wastes nothing to do with them, and if satisfied with his income, will frankly say so, hence the necessity of the specialist, and that he shall put himself where those patients uncured by their family doctor may see him and receive first-class treatment, although unable to visit the city to secure a like quality of skill. The fact that a city specialist visits your country seat, and receives and prescribes for patients at your best hotel, does not mean that he is a gentleman everywhere. Does Dr. Kutchin cure everybody? No! Does he treat every case that goes to him? No! But he does cure a greater percentage of cases than any other specialist of our acquaintance. His business has grown so large that he has been obliged to move to this State. This enables everyone under his care to communicate with or see the Doctor on short notice at all times.

DR. KUTCHIN IS NO STRANGER IN THIS COUNTY HE HAS BEEN MAKING REGULAR VISITS HERE FOR THREE YEARS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In all obscure diseased conditions DR. KUTCHIN requests the afflicted to bring a sample of urine for free analysis. This should be the first passed on arising. Let the afflicted remember that Dr. H. LESTER KUTCHIN visits this country regularly every month for the convenience and benefit of his patients. He can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE in his private parlors at the

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ORVILLE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 28.
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THE QUEER SIDE OF LIFE

A Connecticut Town Goes Crazy Over Cocaine Snuff.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BEAR.

She Carried a Pot of Honey and Put Bruin to Flight With Her Umbrella—A Man Invents a Machine to Turn Him Over in Bed—A Woman Highwayman.

The cocaine habit has taken possession of the village of South Manchester, Conn., in a manner that is amazing and unprecedented, at least in the land of steady habits. A stranger going to the pretty little place on an electric car from Hartford will first see the conductor or motorman take out a bottle, shake a white powder in his palm and then snuff it with intense satisfaction and a long drawn sigh of relief. In the street every other man or boy is using the snuff. Strangers will stop each other at the corners and ask, "Can you give me a pinch?" The question is readily understood and the bottle of snuff is forthcoming.

The worst victims of the habit are the hundreds of employees of all ages of Cheney Bros., great silk mills. It is even more common than the tobacco habit. When a man or boy gets out of the snuff, he goes around until he can "raise a pinch" from some one else. If none is to be had, he runs to the nearest druggist.

One clerk said: "Why, they come in here at all hours of the day and say, 'Give me some of that snuff quick; got to have it.' They set half crazy in their hurry and greed. But that isn't the worst of it. They come to my house after I am asleep and make us get up, go to the store and satisfy their cravings."

"They sometimes apologize, but say they can't help it. They must have the snuff or 'CAN YOU GIVE ME A PINCH?' die. If we won't go to the store for them, they say they will be compelled to break in and steal it, and I know they would. They have no control over themselves. They cannot sleep, and they don't know what they are about much of the time."

As he spoke a once sturdy mechanic entered, and shuffling up to the counter whined out his request for an ounce of the snuff. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot, his frame was bent, and his hand trembled. The victims are noticeable on the streets because of their pallor, their watery eyes and their general appearance of dejection.

The cases of the boys are especially pitiful. One of them, 13 years old, was seized with a fit in Hayes' temperance saloon the other day as a result of indulgence in the drug, and doctors had to be summoned.

The doctors say that this cocaine habit is becoming much worse than that of liquor. Once a man or boy gets the appetite there seems to be no such thing as curing him. These doctors have studied over the matter and have prescribed in vain.

"We have had the epidemic only a few months," said one physician, "so that we cannot judge as yet what the final effect will be, but I should say it would be hysteria, insanity and paresis, with slow death. The victims cannot sleep, and unquestionably their moral perceptions are fearfully blunted. The craze is as common among boys as among men. Something must be done. I confess I cannot say what."

As is well known, bears possess an almost unquenchable liking for honey. They love honey almost as much as they do life and will run risks to get their paws in the sweet stuff. Bruin came ambling awkwardly after Lizzie. The child had no thought of bears, and it was not until she heard a snort at her elbow that she turned and saw the black bear. There was nothing particularly ferocious looking about the animal. As Lizzie turned around the bear stumbled backward much after the fashion of a clumsy Newfoundland dog. Then it sat up on its haunches and eyed the child.

It did not take Lizzie long to guess that the bear was after the honey. She knew well that she could escape the bear's claws by putting down the honey and running off. But Lizzie was not that kind of a girl. She meant to keep the honey and outwit the bear. She carefully placed the pot of honey on the ground. Then she opened the umbrella, and with a shrill cry darted at the bear, waving her unique weapon in the most threatening manner. The bear, taken by surprise, tumbled over backward, and then, scrambling to his feet, fled ingloriously up the trail. Lizzie picked up her pot of honey and started home. Soon she saw the bear jogging after her. She again opened the umbrella and resorted to the same tactics as before. Again the bear ran away, this time for good.

A Woman Highwayman. Citizens of Hingham, Conn., are excited over a recent hold-up robbery. That took place on the old stage road. The people who have been held up agree

in their descriptions of the road agent. They say she is a tall, heavily built woman, closely veiled. Some think the robber is a man who has adopted feminine apparel as a means of disguising his identity. Charles Johnson, a charcoal burner, and his wife were driving home one night from Clinton, where they had been buying Christmas gifts. As they were passing Ivy swamp, a dreary stretch, a woman slipped out from the underbrush, seized the horse by the head and brought it to a standstill. She pointed a revolver at Johnson and told him to throw out his bundles. "Be quick, or I'll shoot!" she said, and the man says he believed she meant it and tumbled out the packages. Then she came up beside the wagon, keeping the weapon leveled at Johnson's head, and demanded his money. He declared that all he had was one silver dollar. After taking that she told him to drive on. "BE QUICK, OR I'LL SHOOT!" Johnson and his wife are confident that the person who robbed them was a woman and declare that the voice was certainly feminine.

A few nights later Alf Whitman was returning home from a visit to Clinton and was accosted by a veiled woman at nearly the same point in the road where Johnson was held up. She pointed a pistol at him and demanded money, but Whitman struck his horse sharply and took his chances. The animal sprang off on a run, and Whitman bent low in his buggy, expecting to hear the whistle of a pistol ball. But the woman didn't shoot.

Man Caught In a Tree Trunk. Allen Melman, a traveling salesman for a New York dry goods house, had a remarkable adventure while hunting near Anacosta, Mon. He was overtaken by a storm, and, seeking shelter in the woods, he came to a large hollow tree trunk. Lighting a match, he inspected the interior, and then, pushing his gun before him, crawled in. It was close quarters, and he found that after he was once in he could not move or turn over. But in front of his face was a hole that evidently once had been the socket of a branch, but was now simply an opening. This, he thought, would allow a breathing space. The rain continued to fall, and his position became cramped. As no wagon appeared on the road, he concluded to get out and start for home. He tried to retreat, but found that the end which he had entered and which lay exposed to rain had swollen, and exit was impossible.

He kicked and stamped, but made no impression on the tree trunk, and was obliged to give up with a groan of despair. As he lay there he felt a drop of water on his forehead. It had fallen through the opening from the limb above. Soon there was another, and then there was a drop, drop, upon his exposed head. It did not seem to increase or diminish. At first he gave it no attention other than to think it an uncomfortable predicament, but soon the monotonous dripping caused a numbing sensation of the skin. This was followed by an itching that seemed to spread rapidly to all parts of his body.

In vain he struggled to turn over or relieve his position. The wet timber held him fast. He tried to raise his hands to his head, but this was impossible. The drop, drop, of the water inside and out was the only sound that broke the stillness. He could not rid himself of the delusion that an imp with a rehot poker was boring a hole in his brain. In his agony he shrieked aloud. He struggled and bit the bark in front of his face.

With an effort to free himself and realizing that he was going mad, he gave a long shout, and all was blank. When he recovered consciousness, he lay on the leaves beside the road, and a farmer stood over him. "I heard ye a-yellin'," he said, "and come and pulled ye out."

Machine That Rolls the Sleeper. Walter Hyde of Alameda, Cal., is a real genius. He has invented a contrivance that turns him over in bed once every hour during the night.

When Mr. Hyde retires, he winds up a clock attached to his bed, and, nearly every hour when the clock strikes the mattress is gently twisted in such a manner as to cause the occupant to roll over. Mr. Hyde is a man of advanced age and does not enjoy the best of health. His greatest physical inconvenience has been an incomplete circulation of the blood, causing sleeplessness. If he remains in one position for any length of time, a mild form of paralysis follows and sleep becomes hopeless. Being somewhat of a mechanical turn of mind, Mr. Hyde concluded to experiment. The result of his tinkering and thinking is the mechanical contrivance which hourly turns him over without awakening him from his slumbers, and which he says works so charmingly that his paralysis with accompanying sleeplessness is a thing of the past. The frame on which the mattress rests hangs from the bedstead by means of pulleys, one at the head and the other at the foot. The frame is kept in position by being secured at the sides to a clocklike apparatus, with cogs and levers to tilt the mattress frame, the motion of the rocking being governed by the clock and spring apparatus. The tilting of the frame is so nicely graduated that the sleeper is unconscious of the change, but continues undisturbed in his night's sleep, as the mechanism attached to the frame automatically changes his position during the hour to the right or the left side, as the case may be.

Name For Theater Hat Wearers. "Hatwife" is proposed in London, after the analogy of housewife and fishwife, to designate a woman who persists in wearing big hats to the theater.

Murder Laws In China. In China the man who lives nearest the scene of a murder is accused of the crime, and he must prove his innocence or stand the punishment.

CRADLE SONG.

To sleep the corn is sinking.
For heavy hangs its head;
The timid flowers are shrinking
From darkness in their bed.

The evening breeze is fanning,
Like gentle angels' breath,
Come softly, softly rocking
The corn and flowers to rest.

Just as the flowers are shrinking,
So timid, too, art thou,
And as the corn heads sinking,
So nod thy dear head now.

And sound, of evening winging,
Like gentle angels' tread,
Come round thy cradle, sing,
My darling one to rest.
—J. Edmund V. G. Co.

LABRADOR DOGS.

How a Number of Them Went on an Impromptu Hunt.

The dogs of Labrador are not only most useful as draft animals, but for hunting as well. A writer in Forest and Stream, who has spent several seasons in Labrador, relates a rather thrilling experience with a team of these dogs, who, he says, trot along contentedly enough so long as there is no game in sight, but the moment they scent game they seem to conclude that dragging a sled is for them merely a side issue; that their actual mission in life is to go after the game whenever it is within range. He says:

"A thaw had been followed by a frost, and the snow covering the ice on the lakes was frozen hard. So four of our party got on the sleigh to have a final drive. They started in great glee, and just as they rounded the first point they saw a fine young caribou buck about 500 yards ahead. As soon as the dogs saw it they gave a yelp like a pack of wolves and started like an arrow from a bow after the caribou, which looked round on hearing the yelp, saw its pursuers and flew over the ice, keeping in the middle of the lake. When the dogs started with a jerk, one of the party was thrown off violently and slid a long way on the hard snow before he could pull up, feeling red-hot from the friction and gazing wistfully after his fast disappearing comrades, who clung to the sleigh like grim death and enjoyed this novel hunt. Of course, there was not the slightest chance of their catching the animal, which, instead of making for the bush on the nearest shore, held on in the middle of the lake, right up to the end, where it took to the woods. The impromptu hunters soon found themselves in a difficulty, for it was impossible to stop the dogs, who could not realize that they had a sleigh behind them with passengers. The driver tried in vain to stop them, and there was every probability of broken limbs or necks when they would strike the bush. However, they soon made up their minds and dropped off one by one, rolling over and over in the snow, or sliding some distance away, with much damage to their nether garments and much abrasion of the cuticle. Meanwhile the dogs, relieved of the weight, rushed after the deer, and, entering the woods, got tangled up among the trees, and, as usual on such occasions, wound up with a free fight among themselves. After extricating them the party re-emerged and drove quietly back to the house, where they repaired damages, related their adventure and wrote it down in the club's logbook."

Nature's Cold Storage House.

In the valley of the Petchora river, which flows from the Ural mountains into the Arctic ocean near Nova Zembla, there is a state of things which is attracting the attention of naturalists and is only one more example of how judiciously nature does her work when her primitive conditions are observed. This valley has a sturdy growth of crowberries, cloudberries, cranberries, any number of small fruit bearing plants, with heath moss and lichens, some of which bear seed and fruit in great profusion. An eminent ornithologist, in the course of his researches in this locality, stopped for a little time. There were millions of acres covered with these growths. The arctic summer has a perpetual sun, and the indigenous plants and trees grow and develop with great rapidity. The summer comes suddenly, and with it innumerable birds of all varieties, but they come to what seems a barren waste, for there is nothing visible but snow and ice. Within 24 hours, however, this frostbound region changes its appearance. The snow dissolves, the ice melts away, and nature's bounty stands revealed. The autumn snows fall here and cover the plants, with their loads of fruit, keeping it in the most perfect condition until the springtime, when it furnishes food for the millions of birds that make this their summer home.—New York Ledger.

New York Chinese Quarters.

There is one feature of New York amusements that is wholly unknown to the Chinaman, and that is the concert garden. To congregate in a public place to drink intoxicating beverages, listen to sensuous music and watch vulgar displays of the human figure, to be waited upon by young women of more than questionable character, to take part in profane and obscene talk, all this is beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and nowhere in the Chinese quarter, from beginning to end, can such a place be found. But they are found in the Bowery, and Germans, Irishmen, Italians and Jews fill the places to the doors.—Helen F. Clark in Century.

Too Much to Swallow.

"Inkwell nearly lost his job on the paper yesterday."

"How was that?"

"He handed in an account of the athletic sports and said one of the winners of the foot races was a messenger boy."

—Washington Times.

When Nero made his artistic tour as a musician and actor through the cities of Greece, more than 400 crowns were bestowed upon him, and when he returned to Rome he decreed himself a triumph and entered the city with these crowns borne in solemn procession.

RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.

In the Czar's Country There Are Many Journals With Odd Names.

Newspapers printed in the Russian language are not circulated nor read generally in the United States, and any one who has ever made even a cursory examination of a Russian newspaper printed in Russian characters can see at a glance why, as far as this country is concerned, they do not "fill a long felt want."

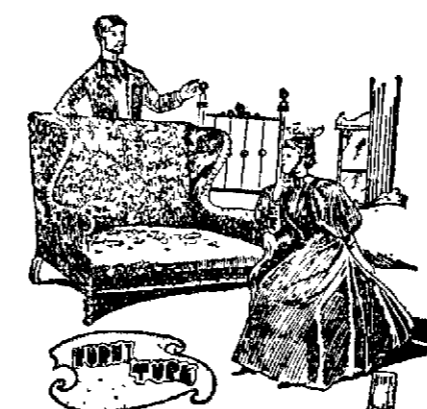
In the naming of Russian newspapers such journalistic titles as Sun, Gazette, Press, Observer, Star, Courier, Bulletin, Advertiser and Eagle do not prevail, but in place of these more descriptive titles are used. The humorous newspaper of St. Petersburg is called The Fool. The medical journal of St. Petersburg, published under authority of the war office, is The Russian Invalid. The official morning newspaper of Moscow is The Vedomosti Gorskoe Politai, otherwise The Police Gazette. The Russian newspaper best known in this country is the daily Novoye Vremya, or The New Times, of St. Petersburg.

One of the illustrated St. Petersburg weeklies is called The Neva, after the river which flows through that capital, and two weekly newspapers longest established in the city of Moscow are The Boudnik and The Krougloz, otherwise The Alarm and The Horizon. For some reason which is not very clear the word "wiedomosti," meaning "news," is popular as a newspaper designation in the city of Moscow. There are four daily newspapers in Moscow having this title—The Russian News, Modern News, Moscow News and Old News. The Old News is maintained for the republication of articles from other newspapers. There are perhaps some newspapers in the United States worthy of being called The Old News, but it is certain that there is no newspaper in the United States which formally and voluntarily would assume that title.

The official newspaper of Warsaw is the Warsaw Police Gazette, and the word "gazette" (gazeta) is as popular with Warsaw editors as the word "news" is in Moscow. There are the Warsaw Police Gazette, the Warsaw Polish Gazette, the Warsaw Gazette, the Warsaw German Gazette and the Warsaw Gazette Courier. The Gazette Courier makes a specialty of telegraphic information, and is not therefore properly speaking a gazette courier, whose title comes from the days of mailcoaches and newspaper deliveries by messengers on horseback.—New York Sun.

The Nutritious Marrow.

A grateful mother has just told of the almost miraculous cure of her grown up son by the very simple means advised by an eminent physician. It was a case of debility and emaciation that nothing could seem to reach until the physician in question prescribed a remedy that he has found remarkably efficacious in treating weak invalids and delicate children. This was nothing more than the



Think it over

And you'll readily see how it will be possible to freshen up the parlor and bedroom.

A chair here, a table there to replace those worn or wearing out, makes a great difference in a room.

It isn't the quantity, but quality of furniture in a room which makes it artistic.

We Sell Artistic, Good, Strong and Durable Furniture at Economical Prices.


IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, COME AND SEE.

FORCED SALE PRICES

Will Continue in Force Until After Invoicing.

Goods have been so thoroughly advertised that it seems unnecessary to say more, further than that, we can supply for a short time nearly every article advertised as special. A delayed shipment of Dining Tables have the floor until January 1st. Price about 1/2 less than regular. We extend to one and all the compliments of the season.

Benedict's WHITE PALACE.



W. L. Douglas

\$3.00 SHOE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

A \$5.00 SHOE FOR \$3.00.

It is stylish, durable and perfect-fitting, qualities absolutely necessary to make a finished shoe. The cost of manufacturing allows a smaller profit to dealer than any shoe sold at \$3.00.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices.

The "Belmont" and "Pointed Toe" (shown in cuts) will be the leaders this season, but any other style desired may be obtained from our agents.

We use only the best Cal. Russia Cal. (all colors), French Patent Cal. (French Enamel), Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes. If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

We make also \$2.50 and \$2 shoes for men and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys. The full line for sale by

OUR BELMONT.

GEO. SNYDER, 33 East Main Street.

Jos. Horne & Co.

Remnants.

After the clearance sales in January, comes the final cleaning and scouring. Everything left is called a "Remnant." They are not all short ends because called "Remnants;" some contain yards and yards, both long and short, all go in together, cheap and expensive. It is Your Chance. If you wish any of these write early.

REMNANTS OF DRESS GOODS, Fine Serges, goods we have been selling for 50c and more a yard, for Twenty-five Cents a yard. Cheviots at just half price.

French Novelties.

\$2.00 and \$2.50 kind for \$1.00 a yard. \$3.00 and \$4.00 ones for \$1.25 a yard. \$1.50 ones for 75c a yard. \$1.00 and \$1.25 ones for 50c a yard.

Broadcloth

Remnants at just half price.

Velvets.

Fancy and plain velvets, remnants of our best lines, \$1.50 and \$1.25 ones for Fifty Cents a Yard.

Velveteens.

Remnants of velveteens of the 75c. and \$1.00 quality for Thirty-five and Fifty Cents a Yard.

Penn Ave. & Fifth St. PITTSBURG, PA.

TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

While Following the Fall of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Nisbip—in a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd had told a story of the gun or dog or fishpole except a printer who looked about as much like a hunter or fisherman as he did like an angel.

"It's your turn now, Muggins," said the reporter.

"I never hunted anything but board-houses over in Brooklyn," he said, with a wan and dodging kind of air, as if people threw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story.

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either got to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one."

He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up again immediately and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me think a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too frigid to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a coon, mebbe, or a fox or a possum, or as little as a squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth."

"I was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, like I do now, and it was just the finest on earth and no mistake." And his wan face lighted up as if he were looking through the open gates of paradise. "I recollect I had a dog that was considerable of a hunting dog, but he was an untrained kind of a cuss, and when he treed anything he would do a lot of barking at first, but if somebody didn't come mighty quick he would give it up and go moseying along after the next thing in sight. One night I was out with him after coons, and about 9 o'clock I heard him bark like he was over in a clump of woods about a half mile away. I knew I was going to have to get to him pretty quick if I found him there at all, and I started across a field toward the woods as fast as I could go. It was a stubble field with sink holes like you find all over Kentucky in the limestone parts, and the place was dark, though the moon was just beginning to show above the woods. I was thinking more about what the dog had than anything else, and as I went banging through the field, all at once I seemed to drop off of the earth and fall into a cellar, and then I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just what had happened. Of course I hadn't much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of banging on the ground or stones or what, I hit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind, I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head."

When I went down, I went hard, and I kind of knocked the wind out of the varmint at first, but in a second it began to growl and snap and snarl and to rise at me. I tried to get out and to raise the chickens generally. In the meantime I was yelling and squawking and trying to scare the blamed thing, because I thought it was a wildcat, and I knew a boy of my size didn't have any show with a wildcat if the varmint ever took a notion to fight, and I knew pretty well that a wildcat was about as sure to take a notion to fight as anything on earth. I don't know exactly what I did in that hole or how I did it, but I remember it seemed about a month of Sundays that I was all muddled up in there with some kind of a wild animal, and finally the thing got from under me and scooted as fast as it could for the top of the sink hole. I followed after it as quick as I could, for I became braver when I saw it run, and when I got up on the level the moon had come out, and I could see the varmint fairly skimming it out for the tall timber. I yelled at it with all my might, though I didn't run after it very fast, and began to call my dog. On the second call the varmint stopped, and I began to get ready to skin out myself, when I got a better look, and, by the great horn spoon, gents, it was my dog. I called him then, and he came back to me, and I could see for myself that he had holed something down there in the sink, and his barking had been smothered and sounded away off to me, and of course when I dropped in on him unexpectedly like that he didn't know anything about it, and neither did I, and there we was. In my event, gentlemen," concluded the former Cornercracker, "that dog come trotting back to me, and when we met face to face in the moonlight he sorter looked at me, and I sorter looked at him, and I don't know which one of us felt most like apologizing. I do know, though, we both knocked off for that occasion, and on the way home we took turn about sneaking along behind each other, me and the dog."—New York Sun.

Parisian Pagans.

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well-known litterateurs, poets and artists have banded themselves into a society for the adoration of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the Parisian fancy, and converts are announced every day.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltz.

A Churn that Churns in One Minute.

I have been in the dairy business all my life and have many times churned for an hour before butter would appear, so when I heard of a churn that would churn in a minute, I concluded to try it. Every day for a week I used it, and not only could I churn in a minute, but I got more butter than with the common churn. This is very important information to butter makers. The churn works easily and will churn an ordinary churning in less than sixty seconds. I have sold two dozen of these churns in the past month. Every butter maker that has seen me churn in less than a minute bought one. You can obtain all desired information regarding the churn by addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they will give you prompt and courteous attention.

A DAIRYMAN.

Why Attempt to Cure

Catarh by the use of so called blood remedies? That catarh is not caused by blood troubles is self-evident when you reflect that attacks are always due to sudden climatic changes or exposure, and occur most frequently during the winter and spring, though the blood is as pure then as in summer or fall. A remedy which quickly relieves and cures the catarh attacks has been found in Ely's Cream Balm.

You Can Be Well

When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is poor, thin and impure you must either suffer from distressing disease or you will easily fall victim to sudden changes, exposure or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be well.

Hood's pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

Another Smart Woman.

My husband is poor but proud, and he does not want me to work; as I have nothing to do I get restless, and after reading in your paper Mrs. Russell's experience selling self heating flat irons I concluded I would try it. I wrote to J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they treated me so nicely that I felt very much encouraged. As soon as I got my sample iron I started out and sold eight irons the first day, clearing \$12. I have not sold less than eight any day since, and one day I sold seventeen. I now have \$225 clear money, and my husband does not know I have been working, but I am afraid he will be mad when I tell him. Have I done right or should I quit work and have him to struggle alone?

AN ANXIOUS WIFE.

You are doing just right; your husband should be proud of you; go right ahead and show the world what an energetic woman can do. That self heating iron must be a wonderful seller, as we hear of so many that are succeeding selling it.

Tam O'Shanter's ride through the midnight wind with the horrible bogoblins pursuing him was only a bad dream, or nightmare, which anybody is liable to experience as the result of over-eating or an attack of biliousness or indigestion. To avoid such disagreeable experiences one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken after a too hearty meal and the action of the stomach will thereby be quickened and the meal promptly digested.

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of Wm. H. Penn, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Ia., who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and am subject to frequent severe attacks of pain in the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fail to give perfect relief." Prices 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Z. T. Baltz, druggist, opera block.

A Cure for Lame Back.

"My daughter, when recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louisa Grover, of Sardis, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by Z. T. Baltz, druggist, opera block.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

A lady in Lexington says: "I am out of debt; and thanks to the Dishwasher business. In the past six weeks I have made \$530. Every housekeeper wants a Dishwasher, and any intelligent person can sell them with big profit to himself. The Dishwasher is lovely, you can wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes, and without wetting your hands. You can get particulars by addressing The Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo. There is big money in the business for an agent. I expect to clear \$1,000 the coming year. I need the money, why not make it. MISS C. C."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon Jan. 12 1897:

LADIES.
Cochran Miss Blanche, Kurns, Mrs. Minnie Dummerth, Miss Addie.

WOMEN.
Rently, Chas. Coxab, J. M. Grant, Porter, J. A. Sawyer, C. W. Seh, O. E.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

Attachment Notice.

John Carnes vs. Thomas Riley, before Robert H. Folger, Justice of the peace of Perry township, Stark county, Ohio.

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Latest Reports From the Centers of Trade.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The market opened fairly active with good demand for stocks from London, Boston and generally out of town. The whole list show an absence of stocks for sale and up to 11 o'clock we had a fairly active speculation, since then the market has lapsed into dullness, but prices hold firm. There are reports that Arbuckle has applied for a receiver for the Wolson Spice Co. There was some firmness in Wheeling at first, and one sale at 5½, quickly declined to 3½ without evidence of support. Preferred stock, last sale of which had been 23½, commenced at 22, sold off to 16½, on rumors of probability of receivership that were afloat. It soon rallied for common to 4½, preferred, 17½. Markets closed firm.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—In wheat, as we predicted yesterday, the advance has been but temporary. The bullish influences which have been brought to bear on the market the past few days should have gone a mark in advance, but, as we have previously stated, until the speculative element changes we cannot hope to see any material advance in wheat, despite the fact that the statistical situation warrants it. If the interests now arrayed on the bear side, and who are so persistent to put wheat down, were to exert themselves, and with the same vigor and persistency on the bull side, we would not care to say what the top might be. Wheat has had a break of over six cents now, and a great many traders are feeling for the bottom, but these traders can only show a loss, as the market continues on its downward course.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat,				
May	81½	81½	79½	79½
July	76½	76½	75½	75½
Oats,				
May	18½	18½	18½	18½
July	23½	23½	22½	22½
May	24½	24½	24½	24½
Pork,				
May	7 55	7 90	7 85	7 90
Lard,				
May	4 05	4 05	4 02	4 05

TOLDEO, Jan. 13.—[By Associated Press]—Wheat, 91½.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, January 14 1897.

GRAIN MARKET.	
Wheat, per bushel.....	90
Oats, per bushel.....	24-30
Barley, per bushel.....	25-30
Flax Seed.....	12-15
Flax Seed.....	12-15
Timothy Seed.....	10-12
Timothy Seed.....	10-12
Middlings, per 100 lbs.....	75
Hay, (old).....	10-12
Hay, (new).....	10-12
PRODUCE.	
Choice Butter, per lb.....	18-15
Lard, per pound.....	5
Hams, per lb.....	10
Shoulders.....	10
Cheese, per lb.....	12-15
White beans, per bushel.....	12-15
Potatoes, new.....	20-25
Apples.....	20-25
Evaporated Apples, choice.....	8-10
Chickens, live.....	18-20
Chickens, spring, dressed.....	15-18
Dried Peaches, peeled.....	12-15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled.....	10-12
Bait, per barrel.....	90-120

PITTSBURG, Jan. 12.
WHEAT—No. 1 red, 92½¢; No. 2 red, 92½¢; No. 3 red, 92½¢; No. 4 red, 92½¢; No. 5 red, 92½¢; No. 6 red, 92½¢; No. 7 red, 92½¢; No. 8 red, 92½¢; No. 9 red, 92½¢; No. 10 red, 92½¢; No. 11 red, 92½¢; No. 12 red, 92½¢; No. 13 red, 92½¢; No. 14 red, 92½¢; No. 15 red, 92½¢; No. 16 red, 92½¢; No. 17 red, 92½¢; No. 18 red, 92½¢; No. 19 red, 92½¢; No. 20 red, 92½¢; No. 21 red, 92½¢; No. 22 red, 92½¢; No. 23 red, 92½¢; No. 24 red, 92½¢; No. 25 red, 92½¢; No. 26 red, 92½¢; No. 27 red, 92½¢; No. 28 red, 92½¢; No. 29 red, 92½¢; No. 30 red, 92½¢; No. 31 red, 92½¢; No. 32 red, 92½¢; No. 33 red, 92½¢; No. 34 red, 92½¢; No. 35 red, 92½¢; No. 36 red, 92½¢; No. 37 red, 92½¢; No. 38 red, 92½¢; No. 39 red, 92½¢; No. 40 red, 92½¢; No. 41 red, 92½¢; No. 42 red, 92½¢; No. 43 red, 92½¢; No. 44 red, 92½¢; No. 45 red, 92½¢; No. 46 red, 92½¢; No. 47 red, 92½¢; No. 48 red, 92½¢; No. 49 red, 92½¢; No. 50 red, 92½¢; No. 51 red, 92½¢; No. 52 red, 92½¢; No. 53 red, 92½¢; No. 54 red, 92½¢; No. 55 red, 92½¢; No. 56 red, 92½¢; 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No. 377 red, 92½¢; No. 378 red, 92½¢; No. 379 red, 92½¢; No. 380 red, 92½¢; No. 381 red, 92½¢; No. 382 red, 92½¢; No. 383 red, 92½¢; No. 384 red, 92½¢; No. 385 red, 92½¢; No. 386 red, 92½¢; No. 387 red, 92½¢; No. 388 red, 92½¢; No. 389 red, 92½¢; No. 390 red, 92½¢; No. 391 red, 92½¢; No. 392 red, 92½¢; No. 393 red, 92½¢; No. 394 red, 92½¢; No. 395 red, 92½¢; No. 396 red, 92½¢; No. 397 red, 92½¢; No. 398 red, 92½¢; No. 399 red, 92½¢; No. 400 red, 92½¢; No. 401 red, 92½¢; No. 402 red, 92½¢; No. 403 red, 92½¢; No. 404 red, 92½¢; No. 405 red, 92½¢; No. 406 red, 92½¢; No. 407 red, 92½¢; No. 408 red, 92½¢; No. 409 red, 92½¢; No. 410 red, 92½¢; No. 411 red, 92½¢; No. 412 red, 92½¢; No. 413 red, 92½¢; No. 414 red, 92½¢; No. 415 red, 92½¢; No. 416 red, 92½¢; No. 417 red, 92½¢; No. 418 red, 92½¢; No. 419 red, 92½¢; No. 420 red, 92½¢; No. 421 red, 92½¢; No. 422 red, 92½¢; No. 423 red, 92½¢; No. 424 red, 92½¢; No. 425 red, 92½¢; No. 426 red, 92½¢; No. 427 red, 92½¢; No. 428 red, 92½¢; No. 429 red, 92½¢; No. 430 red, 92½¢; No. 431 red, 92½¢; No. 432 red, 92½¢; No. 433 red, 92½¢; No. 434 red, 92½¢; No. 435 red, 92½¢; No. 436 red, 92½¢; No. 437 red, 92½¢; No. 438 red, 92½¢; No. 439 red, 92½¢; No. 440 red, 92½¢; No. 441 red, 92½¢; No. 442 red, 92½¢; No. 443 red, 92½¢; No. 444 red, 92½¢; No. 445 red, 92½¢; No. 446 red, 92½¢; No. 447 red, 92½¢; No. 448 red, 92½¢; No. 449 red, 92½¢; No. 450 red, 92½¢; No. 451 red, 92½¢; No. 452 red, 92½¢; No. 453 red, 92½¢; No. 45